

THE LEISURE HOUR

An Illustrated Magazine
for HOME READING



This Number contains Part II. of Dr. Macnamara's IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT, illustrated by Harry Furniss; IN THE HEART OF FRANCE; THE KAISER AND HIS CHANCELLOR, by Dr. Louis Elkind; THE SCOTS GUARDS; LITERARY REMINISCENCES OF NOTTINGHAM, by J. A. Hammerton; THE ISLE OF THE FISHERS; JOHN WESLEY, EVANGELIST, by the Rev. R. Green; Leslie Keith's new Serial THE DECEIVER; THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH, by John A. Steuart; and other interesting Articles and Stories, with SIXTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS.

HERBERT RAILTON 1904

DECEMBER 1904

4 Bouverie St
London E.C. 4

SIXPENCE

The *Leisure Hour* is published by THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, INCORPORATED, at 4 Bouverie Street, London, England, on the 25th of each month. The subscription price, including postage to any of the countries within the Postal Union, is 9s. per annum. The *Leisure Hour* is entered at the New York Post Office as second class matter.



Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit.
Guaranteed Wear.

THE **Y & N** DIAGONAL SEAM

CORSETS

Will not split in the Seams | Nor tear in the Fabric.

Made in White, Fawn, Silver Grey, &c.

4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11
per pair and upwards.

THREE GOLD-MEDALS.

"The best make of Corset is the Y & N."
—Gentlewoman

Please write for Price List to the
Y & N Corset Factory,
BRISTOL.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED
Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.

NEAVE'S FOOD

For INFANTS, CHILDREN.
INVALIDS, and the AGED.

Purveyors by Special Appointment
to Her Imperial Majesty
THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Highest Possible Award.

JOSEPH The ONLY
"Grand Prix"
Exclusively awarded for
Steel Pens.
PARIS, 1900. **GILLOTT'S**
NUMBERS FOR BANKERS:
Barrel Pens, 225, 226, 262.
Slip Pens, 332, 909, 287, 166,
404, 601, 7000. **PENS**

In Fine, Medium, and Broad Points.

THE NEW TURNED-UP POINT, 1032.

KEATING'S LOZENGES

EASILY CURE
THE WORST COUGH.

One gives relief. An increasing sale
of over 50 years is a certain test of their
value. Sold in Tins 184d. each.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Will make you Look Well, Feel Well, and Keep Well.

These family favourites are composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, and are warranted free from Mercury or other poisonous substance. They cleanse the stomach and bowels; invigorate the whole nervous system, and give tone and energy to the muscles. BEECHAM'S PILLS have stood the test of over fifty years without the publication of testimonials. Parents recommend them to their children; friends recommend them to one another, and

BEECHAM'S PILLS RECOMMEND THEMSELVES.

6,000,000 Boxes Sold Annually.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancs., and sold everywhere in boxes,
price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—All manuscripts should be sent to the Editor, *The Leisure Hour*, 4 BOVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C., and must have the name and address of the sender clearly written thereon, and in any accompanying letter the title of the MS. must be given. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their MSS. A stamped addressed envelope should accompany each communication. Payment for accepted manuscripts is made on publication. Business letters other than editorial to be addressed to the Publisher.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1904.

Frontispiece—

ILLUSTRATION TO "IN MEMORIAM." Drawn by HAROLD COPPING.

	PAGE
THE DECEIVER. Chapters IV.-VI. By LEELE KEITH 96	96
Illustrated by J. FINNEMORE.	
AFTER MANY DAYS. By ALISON LOCKE... .. 124	124
Illustrated by REX OSBORNE.	
TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM." Canto VIII. Illustrated 91	91
IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT.—II. By DR. MACNAMARA, M.P. 91	91
Illustrated by HARRY FURNESS.	
IN THE HEART OF FRANCE 113	113
With many Illustrations.	
THE KAISER AND HIS CHANCELLOR. By LOUIS ELKIND, M.D. 119	119
With Portraits.	
JOHN WESLEY, EVANGELIST. Chapter III. By the REV. RICHARD GREEN 126	126
Illustrated.	
SPIRIT RAPPING IN 1667. By ERNEST G. ATKINSON 132	132
THE SCOTS GUARDS 134	134
Illustrated with Photographs.	
LITERARY REMINISCENCES OF NOTTINGHAM. By J. A. HAMMERTON 142	142
With Portraits and Views.	
THE ISLE OF THE FISHERS. By P. T. McGRATH 147	147
Illustrated with Photographs.	
BY-PATHS IN NATURE. By FRANK STEVENS 157	157
II.—THE COMING OF THE PHILISTINE. Illustrated by FRANK PERCY SMITH.	
THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH. By JOHN A. STEUART 160	160
WOMEN'S INTERESTS. By VERITY 165	165
HOSPITALITY.	
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	
OVER-SEA NOTES. From Our Own Correspondents 167	167
THE CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA—SUNDAY SPORTS IN AUSTRALIA—THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN LABOUR MINISTRY—THE DEATH OF CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.	

Continued on next page.

THE "LEISURE HOUR" EISTEDDFOD TICKET.
To be cut out and fastened to all answers sent to the Editor.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

How is it that some women ask for their money, if Fels-Naptha is so good?

Because they don't go by the book, and so don't find-out Fels-Naptha. They think they know how to wash and won't try a new way. They boil their clothes and lose the advantage.

The wonder is that so few complain when so many destroy Fels-Naptha by boiling.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

Contents—continued.

	PAGE
SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY. By Prof. R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S. ...	169
HEIGHTS OF SEA WAVES—COMMON SALT—BREAD FROM AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE— POLAR LIGHTS—DECORATIVE ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION.	
VARIETIES ...	172
A LETTER OF HEINRICH HEINE—"DEAD AS A DOORNAIL"—CHRISTMAS CARDS.	
ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR DECEMBER	
By W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S. ...	172
THE FIRESIDE CLUB: Literary Competitions—On Our Book Table ...	173
THE LEISURE HOUR EISTEDDFOD: Abbreviations Competition ...	156
OUR CHESS PAGE: Prize Competitions ...	175
RUSSIAN BOYS RETURNING FROM SCHOOL. By A. E. KEETON ...	176
Illustrated.	

Our Next Number will contain—

NURSE ELEANOR. A Christmas Story.

By FRANCES CRAIG HOUSTON.

GRENOBLE, the City of Bayard.

THE CULT OF THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.

Gailler's
SWISS
MILK CHOCOLATE

(As supplied to H. M. the Queen).



A delightful, wholesome, and nourishing sweet-ment, with the largest sale of any Milk Chocolate throughout the world.

Sold in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d. tablets, and in 6d. & 1s. boxes of croquettes.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST, INSIST ON GAILLER'S.

Bissell
Carpet Sweeper

PRICES:
10/6, 11/3,
14/6, 15/6,
and 18/-

Saves  
Backache.



Saves clatter, saves dust, saves wear and tear. Sweeps anywhere and everywhere on any kind of carpet. Cleans deeply and enduringly without effort.

Insist on the BISSELL.

Sold by all
Stores, Tour-
meisters, and
Home
Furnishers.

Holiday Offer.

Consumers' Benefit Plan.

True and practical economy is saving money on the things you have to buy—not going without the things you need. Our Consumers' Benefit Plan of Advertising enables Quaker Oats' customers to exercise true and practical economy by obtaining from us home and personal necessities and luxuries for a cash outlay of less than their actual value and far below prices usually charged.

Send for our Free Catalogue, giving full details of over 200 articles, among which are the following:—

Silverware.

Any of these pieces of silver sent for ONE WHITE SQUARE and the price stated. All the smartness and life-long durability of sterling silver. The designs are most artistic and rich. Each article is covered with a deposit of silver heavier than on the best triple plate. Coffee Spoon, 6d.; Tea Spoon, 8d.; Porridge Spoon, 1s.; Dessert Fork, 1s.; Dessert Knife, 2s.; Table Spoon, 1s. 3d.; Table Fork, 1s. 3d.; Table Knife, 2s.; Fruit Fork, 1s.; Fruit Knife (saw back), 2s.; Pickle Fork, 1s. 4d.; Cold Meat Fork, 2s.; Sugar Spoon (gilt bowl), 1s. 6d.; Baby Spoon, 2s.

OUR CATALOGUE

also contains English Lever Watches, Beautiful Pictures, Woolen Hosiery, Fine Irish Linen, Cutlery, Cruets, Vases, Air Guns, Boxing Gloves, Footballs, Purses, Dressing Bags, Opera and Field Glasses, Magic Lanterns, Aneroid Barometers, French Briar Pipes, Magazine Cameras, Umbrellas, Fountain Pens, &c., &c.

SEND FOR IT.

All goods delivered carriage paid in Great Britain and Ireland.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.



Christmas Presents.

In order that everyone may prove for himself the quality of the articles we offer, and the advantage of obtaining Christmas Presents by our Consumers' Benefit Plan, we make the following

SPECIAL OFFER.

For any article you may order from us on or before December 12th, 1904, we will accept the Coupon below to count as one white square, if accompanied with the small cash payment required. Coupon printed below must be enclosed with your order.

Commence to save White Squares now by cutting out Coupon below. No need to wait. If you have not enough White Squares to secure the article you want, borrow them from your friends or neighbours.

Between now and Christmas you will be able to secure many excellent and acceptable gifts for very little money.

START NOW

By Cutting out this Coupon, which counts as one White Square when returned with balance of required number cut from front of Quaker Oats packets.

To give you a start towards the required number of White Squares, we will receive this as one when returned with balance of required number.

Cut this out at once: it counts as one.
Date.....
Name.....
Address.....

Dept. L.H.
QUAKER OATS LTD., 11, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON.

QUAKER OATS CONSUMERS' BENEFIT PLAN.

HODDER & STOUGHTON'S GIFT BOOKS

RALPH CONNOR'S NEW WORK

THE PROSPECTOR

A Tale of the Crow's Nest Country. By RALPH CONNOR. Price 6s.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

BLACK ROCK. 22nd Thousand.

GLENGARRY DAYS. 26th Thousand.

Price 6/-

" 6/-

THE SKY PILOT. 40th Thousand.

Price 6/-

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY. 18th Thou. , 6/-

AMY LE FEUVRE'S WORKS

THE MAKING OF A WOMAN.

4th Thousand.

Price 6/-

OLIVE TRACY. 6th Thousand.

" 6/-

ROSES. 11th Thousand. Illustrated.

" 2/-

A CHERRY TREE.

10th Thousand. Illustrated.

" 2/-

A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA.

4th Thousand.

Price 6/-

TWO TRAMPS. 6th Thousand. Illustrated.

" 2/-

BROWNIE. 12th Thousand. Illustrated.

" 2/-

HIS BIG OPPORTUNITY.

12th Thousand. Illustrated.

" 2/-

DAVID LYALL'S WORKS

THE CORNER-STONE. 3rd Thousand.

Price 6/-

THE BELLS OF PORTKNOCKIE.

3rd Thousand.

" 6/-

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

11th Thousand.

" 6/-

DAVID LYALL'S LOVE STORY.

7th Thousand.

" 6/-

THE LIGHTS OF HOME. 3rd Thousand.

Price 6/-

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

2nd Edition.

" 6/-

THE TWO MISS JEFFREYS.

3rd Edition.

" 6/-

THE REDEMPTION OF NEIL MACLEAN.

2nd Edition.

" 6/-

ANNIE S. SWAN

MARY GARTH. A Clydeside Romance.

By ANNIE S. SWAN. Illustrated.

Price 3/6

EGLANTON THORNE

THE WIDOWHOOD OF GABRIELLE GRANT.

By EGLANTON THORNE. *New Ready.*

Price 6/-

HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

WHAT A RUN THERE HAS BEEN ON THE "PROVOST" PORRINGERS!

We have arranged for large additional supplies, and all users of

"PROVOST" OATS

can have **Porringers FREE** as before.



Those who send cash can have it refunded on forwarding the stated number of coupons later. A coupon on every packet.

Children grow up Strong, Healthy, and Robust on "Provost" Oats. They have no

equal. They are the best that Scotland produces. American and other imported Oats are far inferior.

R. ROBINSON & SONS, Annan, N.B.

Try our "Blue Bell" Flaked Rice, it makes dainty puddings in five minutes. Simply drench the flakes in boiling water and cook in an oven for five minutes. 3d. a packet.

- 2 Pint Porringer free for 30 2-lb. coupons or 2/- cash.
- 3 Pint Porringer free for 50 2-lb. coupons or 2/6 cash.
- 5 Pint Porringer free for 75 2-lb. coupons or 3/- cash.
- 6 Pint Porringer free for 100 2-lb. coupons or 3/6 cash.



Specially drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Harold Copping

YET AS THAT OTHER, WANDERING THERE
IN THOSE DESERTED WALKS, MAY FIND
A FLOWER BEAT WITH RAIN AND WIND,
WHICH ONCE SHE FOSTER'D UP WITH CARE.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Canto VIII.

Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, Canto VIII.

A HAPPY lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home;

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight:

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy
Which little cared for fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying, there at least may die.

Impressions of Parliament

BY DR. MACNAMARA, M.P.

Illustrated by Harry Furniss

II

IN my former sketch I described the beautiful religious service with which Parliament is opened day by day. I should have said that the first function in a new Parliament is the taking of the oath and the signing of the roll of members. We go to the table in batches of half-a-dozen: a card containing the oath is given us, we rehearse it, kiss the Book or affirm, go round to the Treasury side of the table, sign the roll of members, and then file past the Speaker, cordially shaking him by the hand as we go. This proceeding is gone through by every new member after each bye-election. He stands at the Bar (just inside the Chamber and under the clock); waits till "Questions" are over; Mr. Speaker then stands and calls "Members desiring to take their seats!" He marches up the floor of the House with a political colleague on either side; bows (or should do) profoundly every three steps till he comes to the table; takes the oath, signs the roll, shakes hands with the Speaker, and passes away to the back of the Chair as a rule into more or less of parliamentary oblivion. Sometimes he shakes hands with the clerk at the table who is waiting with hand outstretched to receive the writ. But that is another story. As a matter of interest I give the

terms of the Oath of Allegiance to which we all duly subscribe.

"I — do swear, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty King Edward, His Heirs and Successors, according to Law. So help me God."

The Affirmation is as follows:—

"I — do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty King Edward, His Heirs and Successors, according to Law."

At the close of my first Session—the "little" Session of December 1900—I remember that I went on my way home profoundly thanking the gods that I had committed no parliamentary blunder! With such a not very inspiring consolation did I close my first fortnight in the "House." For be it known parliamentary procedure is fearfully and wonderfully made, and presents innumerable pitfalls for the new member. In the first place, you must not on any account read a newspaper in the House. If you want to quote a newspaper you must so fold it up as to make it look like a pamphlet to the eye of the Speaker which you do not catch. Then of course you may

Impressions of Parliament



HE MARCHES UP THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE WITH A POLITICAL COLLEAGUE ON EITHER SIDE

not stand up in the House with your hat on; and really you ought not to sit down with it off. Years ago nobody sat uncovered in the House save Ministers, ex-Ministers, and Whips. Now the matter is not one of such acute punctilio apparently. Then of course mere extra-parliamentarian courtesy would prevent you from walking between the "Speaker" and the member who is addressing the House; but members of the two front benches may commit this solecism, and may even put their feet on the table. In addressing the House the time-honoured preamble is "Mr. Speaker, Sir!" or when the House is in Committee "Mr. Chairman!" It is a cardinal sin to call a man by his name. You speak of him as "the honourable gentleman the member for Loamshire." If he is on your side you say "My honourable friend the member for So-and-so"; if on

the other side, you say "the honourable gentleman the member for So-and-so." That is the correct style of address. But I am glad to note that many men on the Government side now speak of men on our side as their "honourable friends"; and we pay them the same compliment. This is excellent and ought to be encouraged. You speak of a Privy Councillor as "the right honourable gentleman" (or "friend," as the case may be) "the member for So-and-so." A Minister is most frequently described by his office



SHAKES HANDS WITH THE SPEAKER

Impressions of Parliament

rather than by his seat. Thus Mr. Balfour is addressed as "the right hon. gentleman the Prime Minister" (or "First Lord of the Treasury" according to taste. Sticklers for parliamentary etiquette would die rather than use the phrase "Prime Minister," because the office does not really exist). He is never spoken of as "member for East Manchester." The son of a peer is spoken of as "the noble lord the member for So-and-so." Soldiers and ex-soldiers are described as "the honourable and gallant gentleman the member for So-and-so." Lawyers are styled "the honourable and learned gentleman," etc. It was left to my friend Mr. Flavin to carry the thing to its ludicrous logical conclusion and call a barrister who was also a militia captain "the honourable, learned, and gallant gentleman," etc.

Parliamentary oratory is a thing by itself. It is apt to run to diffuseness. Unconsciously you pick up the trick of saying "I will go so far as to venture to think," or "I rise to intervene for the purpose of saying," and so on. It is also very reminiscent of the Law Courts in style. (The reason is obvious.) Thus, although a mere layman, I have added to my dialectical armoury such phrases as "You take my point?" "That, Mr. Speaker, is my case." "My objection is one of substance as well as form." "I will take the matter to *avizandum*," etc.

But I was rejoicing that for the whole space of a fortnight I had committed no terribly serious blunder and had even escaped voting in the wrong Lobby—not so easy a thing to avoid as would appear to those uninitiated in the weird mysteries



MAY EVEN PUT THEIR FEET ON THE TABLE



MR. — IS EXPECTED TO
RISE AT ELEVEN

Impressions of Parliament

of "putting the motion from the Chair." (My friend and neighbour Mr. Macdona once voted in *two* lobbies in one division; but that, again, is another story.) I will venture to say that so quaint and archaic are the rules guiding the putting of the question to the House, that were it not that the Whips all stand at the entrance to the Lobbies and cry "Aye" and "No" to their men, and were it not that on both sides are men deeply versed in parliamentary procedure to whom the tyro can turn in

control over all money expended from the public purse.' The question I have to put is, that the words proposed to be left out stand part. As many as are of that opinion say 'Aye!' Contrary 'No!'"

Now, dear reader, in this case which would you cry? And into which Lobby would you go? Of course in an ordinary public meeting if you were for the amendment you would have to cry "Aye." In Parliament you would have to cry "No!" Simple, isn't it?



RISING IN VAIN TIME AFTER TIME

distress, there would be an amount of "cross-voting" that would drive political quidnuncs, and those who read portents in the colour of the flower ministers and examiners wear in their buttonholes, by express speed into the nearest lunatic asylum. For instance take this:—

"The original question is that the Bill be now read a second time. Since which an amendment has been moved to leave out all words after the word 'that' in order to insert the words '*no Bill will be satisfactory which does not secure full public*

Which brings me to the woes of the new member in particular and the private member generally. To him, especially if he be a man of active temperament and of business habits, there succeeds a sense of utter uselessness and futility. As a member of some humble Local Authority he sits down for an hour or two at some obscure little committee. But he gets up and goes home conscious of the fact that he has really accomplished something. I will ask that large and deserving army, my colleagues the private members, when they

Impressions of Parliament

enjoyed such a sensation at Westminster? There many things strike me as dangerously unbusiness-like. Take the way we go through "Supply." We are voting money for the various departments of State during the coming year. This is the occasion on which we review the departmental administration of the past year. The Government is compelled by the Standing Orders to give twenty-three days to "Supply." Certain "votes" are put down on each of these twenty-three days. To-day the Home Office vote, to-morrow the Board of Education, the next day the Navy, the next the Army, and so on. At twelve midnight the Leader of the House will look in. If he is keen on "getting the vote" he will move the Closure and the "vote" will be put to the House, the last topic under discussion being the issue for or against. If not he will automatically add it to the fifty or sixty millions of "Supply" always passed *en bloc* without discussion at the close of the Session. Surely any business concern run on these lines would promptly make the acquaintance of the Official Receiver.

Then again parliamentary hours strike me as absurd. The House meets at two on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. It sits till 7.30 each day, resumes at nine, and sits till twelve unless the "twelve o'clock rule" has been specially suspended, in which case it may sit till two, three, or even four in the morning. Recently you will remember it sat from 2 P.M. on a Monday right on till 4 P.M. the next day—twenty-six hours in all. On Friday the House meets at twelve and rises at 5.30. From two to 2.15 nothing is heard but the brief mumbling at the table of the titles of "Private Bills" which are set down for First, Second and Third Reading, Committee stage in each case being taken "up-stairs" before a rota of members pricked off for the purpose. At 2.15 comes "Questions." These may last till three, but no longer. Questions for which an oral answer is desired but which have not been reached by three are answered in writing, and "issued with the Votes" next day. Debates commence at three and run then till about five, with, as a rule, an almost empty Chamber. From five to 7.30 things run better, and the great men deign to intervene on occasion. At 7.30 "the sitting is suspended" till nine. Then for a while the rear-rank men fill up the time. Your



HE WILL BE MET AT ONCE WITH LOUD, CONTUMPTUOUS AND PERSISTENT CRIES OF
"VIDE! 'VIDE! 'VIDE!"

"star" artist wouldn't condescend to perform "in the dinner hour." You are graciously permitted to learn early in the day that Mr. — "is expected to rise at eleven;" and at that magic hour Mr. —, fresh as a daisy from some West End reception, will stroll in, the envy if not exactly the admiration of some unhappy rear-ranker who has wilted and wilted and wilted hour after hour since three, rising in vain time after time and tearing up one after another of the sheaf of treasured notes that were to have made him famous.

Let me say a word or two about the temper of the House. The members are really very patient and very long-suffering. And they try their best to be quite fair. What they ask is that a man should weigh in on his own weight, stick to what he knows, and tell them about it frankly and unaffectedly. If he will do this he will be a success. But it isn't exactly what he says that counts. It is also how and when

Impressions of Parliament

he says it. It is said that the House of Commons will hear any man who has really something to say. That is only partially true. If he is to be heard he must "cut in" at the psychological moment. Let us suppose there has been a debate on some Home Office question. The ex-Home Secretary has delivered an attack on the present administration. There has been a long debate, and now the Home Secretary has replied to the attack. The British House of Commons in its rough practical way insists that the next thing to be done is to vote. There is nothing more to be said. But supposing there is somewhere on the Back Benches a quiet unobtrusive man who doesn't advertise the fact that as a boy he worked in the very field of labour now under discussion. Supposing he knows, as may very well be the case, more about the matter than all the rest of the House put together, including the Home Secretaries past and present. Supposing also that he has been quietly "rising" all through the debate and has never been called. Now what will happen if he persists in his endeavour to speak after the Home Secretary has pronounced what the House is pleased to consider the very last word on the subject? He will be met at once with loud, contemptuous and persistent cries of "Vide! 'Vide! 'Vide!" And it is 99 to 1 that those cries will break

him down. Now is this an evidence of that love of fair play which we are taught is the characteristic of the House? And yet the House doesn't really mean to be unfair. In the first place, it is the hopeless creature of convention. Parliamentary form demands that the Home Secretary shall wind up. After that the Division Lobbies; and anybody who stands in the way must be swept aside. Also in nine cases out of ten the man who would at this point get up would be a cranky bore who deserved to be howled down.

If the House knew that my hypothetical man had really a message to deliver it would waive convention—I think, but I am not sure—and hear him even after the last word, from the point of view of parliamentary convention, had been uttered. But then, how is it to know when it won't hear him utter a syllable? Of course the reply to me is that he would have been "called" during the course of the debate. Would he? Ask the quiet unobtrusive business men on both sides of the House who rose night after night for a fortnight in the Fiscal Debate on the Address at the opening of this year's Parliamentary Session. Their speeches—monuments of toil, patience and shrewd reasoning, I do not doubt—are still to be delivered. When, if ever, they get a chance of firing them off, may I be there to cheer!

The Deceiver

BY LESLIE KEITH

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

VERNEY DRAKE returns to England after an absence of ten years. He had gone away from Monnowbridge at twenty-three, because Grania Herrison, whom he loved, had married his elder brother Oliver. He finds Grania little altered, but Oliver's face gave him a disquieting shock. He sleeps in the old home, in his own old room, Grania having moved her boy Verney to another, for the occasion.

In the smoking-room, after dinner, he learns from his brother that being a banker and sole trustee for a friend's son, he had used and lost in speculation the trust money, about £40,000, and the young fellow was to come of age next month. Oliver asks Verney to come to his rescue. The sum was, within a few hundreds, almost the exact amount of Verney's inheritance. After a night's anxious thought, Verney agrees to give him the money, which Oliver promises to regard as a loan.

CHAPTER IV

VERNEY DRAKE went through a good deal of unpleasant business during the next few days. Not having yet learned the necessity to save, he took up his quarters in a quiet, old-fashioned hotel in the City, where he remembered to have

spent a day or two in his boyhood with his father. It was as good a centre as another to a man not bent on pleasure, and it was not far from the office of his friend, the Solicitor, who for ten years had punctually and faithfully looked after his affairs.

The man of law turned a very unwilling ear to the instructions of his client. He

The Deceiver

pointed out with some force that it would be folly to disturb investments that were at once safe and remunerative.

"Your father," he remarked, "was a shrewd man, and he had the good luck which doesn't always follow shrewdness. You've to thank him for your sound financial outlook to-day. Just you go along and play yourself abroad again, and leave business to the people who understand it. You've an excellent income for a bachelor, and you haven't told me you want to marry."

"He has grown fat, which certainly isn't becoming; but Nature may have that injury in store for you and me."

"There you are; a man breaks every one of Nature's laws, and then you turn round and blame her for the consequences!"

"Perhaps I ought rather to blame Monnowbridge. Life isn't so wildly exciting there as to encourage the struggle against adipose tissue."

Sim shook his head with vigorous dissent.

"Monnowbridge is all right. He's let



HE MADE IT HIS FIRST BUSINESS TO CHOOSE AND DISPATCH A HORSE

"No, but I happen to want the capital."

"I know. You think I don't? Very well, I'll tell you. Oliver has persuaded you to bolster up that precious Bank of his with it. What do you say to that, eh?"

"You always were famous for seeing through stone walls, Simmy!" Verney laughed. They had been at school together. "Well, if you haven't hit the mark, you're as near it as need be."

"Nearer than you suppose. I've had my eye on Oliver for some time. He's nothing like the man he was."

himself go because he's worrying. And what has he to worry about but the Bank?"

"You haven't hit the bull's-eye this time! The Bank is stable enough. I suppose every banker must run some risks and make a bad debt occasionally, but Oliver has been cautious, and even you'll admit that cautious banking is generally a paying concern. I spent the whole of yesterday afternoon and most of last night going over the books, and if it will relieve you to know it, I shan't put a penny-piece into Drake and Son. I want that money for a private and particular

The Deceiver

end of my own, Simmy, and I'm going to have it."

"Well, as it is your own, you must, I suppose—but you'll make ducks—if not Drakes—of it! You babes know nothing about money, except the spending of it."

"One can learn."

"You'll have to learn! You don't suppose your 'private and particular end'—whatever tomfoolery it may be—is going to bring you in the interest you get now? If it fetches the half, you'll be lucky."

"I'm going to save the interest," said Verney, smiling to himself. "You shall have the investing of it, Simmy, old man."

"And give away the capital! And what are you going to travel on, pray?"

"I'm not going to travel. I'm going to stay here—in London."

"Even in London a man must eat, and have a roof over him, and wear a decent coat."

"I shall earn these things."

Sim looked at his rich and idle comrade and laughed. His own entirely unaided struggle had been an uphill one, and the position he had now attained had not been won without many privations and much toil. He had no belief in an income that could be "picked up."

"How, my lord, if one may ask?"

"Oh, there are heaps of ways!" said Verney lightly. "If you had knocked about the world, you'd only ask yourself what a fellow *doesn't* do. I met a chap—a young sprig of nobility—in South Australia, at a dinner at the Premier's too, by the way, who produced quite a decent fragment of floorcloth from his tail-pocket, and sued convincingly for custom."

"You won't make much of floorcloth in Park Lane. If you had diamonds to sell——"

"No, but it just occurs to me that Nature—and Art—have quite peculiarly fitted me for the position of bagman. I can make myself unintelligible, as *you* know, Simmy, in various foreign jargons; I can be bland, and, as you are also aware, I can be persistent. If I hadn't another opening in view, I should offer my tongues and talents as foreign representative to some swell firm, but I've a particular reason for wishing to remain in England."

"Go away with you!" cried Sim. "I'm tired of you and your private ends and particular reasons, and I've got to work,

anyway! When you've made up your mind what form of folly you mean to indulge in, you can come back and I'll give you my mature opinion of it."

Verney went, but at the door of the small private room he turned.

"Remember—I must have that money before the 15th," he admonished.

A growl was the only response.

It was true that the Bank, so far as he could judge, was safe, and the thought that his father's good name was not in peril was a distinct relief. Oliver had had a conscience towards his public, though he had abused his trusteeship, but he had lived up to the edge of his handsome income and squandered money in trying to retrieve his one huge mistake. With prudence and careful steering he might right himself again, but Verney saw little prospect—for some years, at least—of receiving any interest on the capital sum which he still thought it wise to call a loan. If Grania had known of the appeal made by one brother, and the response of the other, she would, as he very well could conceive, have dismissed her servants and worked her fingers to the bone rather than that he should suffer, but it was his steady aim that she should know and suspect nothing.

To help this end perhaps, perhaps because, so deeply pitying her in his heart, he wished to do something for her greater comfort, he made it his first business in town to choose and dispatch a horse which, as nearly as his memory allowed, was a good match for the solitary animal left in the stables at the Leas.

At the same time he unpacked his own battered trunks and refilled a brand-new play-box—upon which the staring white V.D. was as yet scarcely dry, with selections of the treasures they had contained—toys picked up in many an Eastern bazaar, in many a shop and store, the gatherings of years for a little lad unseen by his namesake until the other day.

Horse and play-box travelled in different compartments of the same train to Monnow-bridge, and it would be difficult to say whether mother or son derived the greater pleasure from the gifts.

"Isn't he generous?" cried Grania, passing her hand through her husband's as she reluctantly turned away from the stable where the new possession was munching his corn. "I wonder what made him think of sending us such a darling of a

The Deceiver

horse—just what we needed, since poor Prince died."

"You'd have waited a long time for it before I could have given it you, Grania," said Oliver remorsefully, finding it easy to be sorry for her and for himself now that his immediate anxieties were relieved.

"You would have given it me if you could, dear," she answered tenderly, "and Verney knew we were saving for Boy. But that only makes it the kinder of him."

"I dare say he has laid by a good bit," said Oliver, anxious to convince himself that this must be the case. "That horse cost twice what I paid for Prince."

"And Boy's toys! Why, they must represent quite a great big sum! Such lovely carved things from India and China. I must put them away till he's old enough to take care of them and appreciate them."

"He must have saved," Oliver reiterated. "If you think of the casual sort of way he's knocked about, and the dislike he has to ceremony and that kind of thing—no expensive tastes, and nobody to think of but himself—he can't have lived up to his income."

"I don't think that lessens his generosity," said Grania, with shining eyes, "and it's such a mistake to estimate a gift by the donor's ability to give."

"I never suggested anything so foolish," said Oliver, with a hint of offence. "How you do fly away with half an idea!"

"It's the small strain of Irish blood in me," she laughed, "and I dare say it's accountable too for my difficulty in explaining myself properly. I only meant that Verney isn't the kind of person to make a handsome present just because he happened to have the money and nothing particular to do with it. He would give even to his own hurt. If he were as poor as he's rich and we were in need, he would stint himself rather than that we should want."

He looked at her sharply, but her serene, unconscious face only reflected her heart's happiness; her pleased approval of her brother-in-law.

"It's never safe to say what a man will do when he's suddenly placed in new circumstances," he said sententiously; "you may think you know yourself pretty well, but ten to one you'll find you're different from what you thought."

"But circumstances don't alter character. They may prevent a man from carrying out

his impulses, but they don't make a generous man into a mean one."

"It's pretty much the same if you've got to be mean; the world doesn't consider your desires, it looks to your deeds. Verney can give you a horse as easily as he could give you a cup of tea, and I can't give you a sixpenny brooch, though I'd buy you a diamond necklace if I could. So he's the liberal man and I'm the stingy one!"

"The world!" she said, with a fine scorn. "What does one care for the stupid old world! We understand each other, and isn't that enough? Am I going to begin at this time of day to think you shabby and unkind? Look here, darling, if you think we shouldn't accept the horse—but I'm afraid Verney will be hurt."

"Oh, that's all right; he wouldn't be such a fool as to buy it if he couldn't afford it. You'd better write and thank him."

"This very hour; and Boy's going to print a letter, and you'll put in a little bit too, won't you?" she said persuasively. "It will be quite a family concern, that letter!"

"I'm not much good at writing, but I'll scrawl a line if you like—if you think it's worth while. I suppose he'll be turning up again soon."

"I hope so, indeed! It seemed so sudden, his running off like that before he had even got unpacked. If he doesn't come soon you'll have to go to town and fetch him; my character's at stake, for I've promised to trot him round to all our friends."

"I may have to run up for a day next week."

"Then you can come back together, and we'll have the fireworks ready this time!"

Verney duly got the letters—three of them under one cover—and it is to be hoped he found in this joint gratitude a justification for what was certainly a piece of folly. For when a man has no more than four hundred pounds to his credit at the bank, and no present prospect of increasing that sum, it is an impulsive act, to say the least of it, to spend seventy on a present.

But if it sobered him for a moment to find himself for the first time in his life so near the end of his resources, it acted as a stimulus too. It gave him the same kind of feeling that a bit of hazardous mountaineering or an adventure into hostile regions had done; it braced and strung up his nerves and sent the blood at a quicker

The Deceiver

leap through his veins. For here was in its own way a battle to be faced, a victory to be secured.

It did not take him very long to decide upon his course of action.

Next to travel, now out of the question, a life of contemplation, the life of a writer, had attracted him. There had been months—between hot spells of adventure—when he had merely sat still and let Nature, human nature and otherwise—unfold itself before him, when he had steeped himself to the lips in the mystery of the Great Mother and had tried to interpret the heart of her children.

He knew that he had to some extent the gift of recording his impressions, and like many another no wiser than himself, he thought he had but to barter his talent for bread. So he sat down to learn in the hardest of all schools that the world has need of few interpreters, and out of many voices has a listening ear for but one here and there.

With the feeling that he ought to be near the heart of things, he took a couple of rooms in a quiet street off the Strand where two tides go up and down; the silent river and the beat of human feet; and there he gathered his possessions and unpacked his few books. His trunks stood stacked in a corner of his bedroom; it did not occur to him to mitigate the dinginess of the wallpaper by hanging up any of the curios he had collected. His surroundings were certainly not inspiring, but when he wrote to Grania he was able to assure her that his landlady looked after him all right, and cooked very decently.

He also told her he would return soon to the Leas, and when he wrote it he meant it.

But the days went by and he did not return. He had been idle all his life, and now at last, with all the force of a faculty unused, the passion for work had seized him.

CHAPTER V

THREE years before Verney Drake made up his mind to revisit England, a woman of whose very existence he was unaware, but who was destined to influence his future, stood at the door of an adobe hut and saw day break over the azure Caribbean Sea.

No fairer picture could well have been spread before her, yet the eyes with which

she regarded it were sad as night. At her feet the full-lipped windless ocean—"too full for sound and foam"—broke with a murmur no louder than a sigh upon sands of gold; the surf—flung up at the impact like tossed snow—beat upon the distant coral reef, evoking deep organ notes that only accentuated the otherwise perfect stillness; not a breath stirred the grove of cocoanut palms dipping their feet in the water to her right, or fluttered a gorgeous petal of their garlanding creepers; such living things as shared with her this earthly paradise were for the moment invisible: asleep beneath the green shadow of leaves, lurking under the hot coverlet of sand, or seeking the cool groves of the sea, according to their nature and their needs.

She stood alone in a charmed circle of peace.

It was the one hour of the twenty-four for which she lived: the hour that brought a little respite to suffering that it tore her heart to witness because she was all powerless to relieve it; and yet to-day it seemed as if even this were to fail her, her indomitable courage to lose its prop. With a dumb patience that was near neighbour to despair she searched the flawless sea, the flawless sky emerging momentarily into greater brightness, for token of a breeze—Nature's medicine for fevered veins, and saw instead the sun blaze up and bathe the world in pitiless heat and glory.

What cared she for all this magnificence of earth and sky, for the lush tropical vegetation that almost seemed to put out leaf and bud and flower and fruit as one watched and waited? With what passionate eagerness would she have exchanged it for the bleakest English landscape, for the lash and clamorous outcry of the coldest North-easter!

As she turned, her ear bent in vain for the æolian cry of the morning wind in the virgin forests, it seemed as if her movement woke to animation all the sleeping Nature round her; with a whizz and buzz and hum the air was full of life; flash of silver wings and golden, glitter of gemmed bodies, made a network round her; land-crabs burrowed the hot sand at her feet, green turtles, huge toads, peopled the ocean's edge; in the lagoon a sleepy alligator stirred; a serpent lifted a stealthy head and watched her with two glittering eyes. From the palm-grove came the chatter of monkeys, the screech of parrots; and

further off and faintly, the growl of a foraging puma going to its lair.

Day had begun, and through all its relentless hours it would burn its fiery way until night wrapped itself in the white veil of deadly miasma rising from the rotting lagoon with a spiced odour of decay, and all the things of evil that swelter and teem and make of the darkness a great horror, came forth to work their will.

She turned to the hut behind her; it was a mere shed of rough clay, offering shelter on three sides, and on the fourth facing the ocean. A grass mat served as door and window and frail protection from the violence of tropical rain. It was rolled up now, and the searching light picked out the room's poor furnishing: a table, a chair, a couple of battered chests and a portmanteau that had seen rough service; a litter of cooking dishes and clothes and, swung from the rafters, two grass hammocks.

Both were occupied; in one lay the wreck of a once fine man, now worn to a shadow with the worst type of jungle fever; he was sunk in the exhausted, unrefreshing sleep that follows a night of suffering, and did not move at her light step; in the other a very young child woke and stirred with a plaintive little cry.

She lifted the baby and hushed it with a movement of rare tenderness on her breast. As she looked down on the fragile creature, drawing life from her, content and at rest in her arms, one could see that she had been very pretty—would be pretty still but for the ravaging lines of anxiety and sorrow on her face.

Presently she heard the Aphaui Indian squaw moving about among the earthen pots in the little cooking shanty, and she crept out to enjoin silence, explaining by look and sign and in broken Spanish that the master slept. But she herself stole back, finding no rest save at his side, watching with a deepening pain at her heart every feeble breath he drew.

Three weeks before, Harry Kingdon had been struck down while superintending a detachment of natives sent to cut rubber on the higher plateau. The seeds of disease had been sown in earlier journeys through the marshy and malarial coast-belt, but even in that temperate zone thickly afforested with mahogany, rosewood and caucho, where his wife and child could live in safety, he could not shake off the fever demon. His own medical knowledge—for he had

been a student of medicine once, and though unqualified, had practised in regions where even a little skill is precious—told him that his only chance of recovery lay in a sea-voyage.

His men, with a fine devotion which was only equalled by the cheerful courage of his wife, and spoke as well for him as for themselves, carried the sick master over the long leagues, through pathless forests, by unbeaten tracks (with what suffering to himself the patient never told), aiming to reach the coast at Limon and by good fortune to intercept a homeward-bound steamer.

But by some error of calculation they struck the seaboard a mile or two below that port, and there—the patient growing alarmingly worse—they were glad to take possession of an empty casa which some one, escaping the malarial townlet, had erected as a sanatorium.

At first, husband and wife—each brave at pretence for the other's sake—spoke cheerfully of a night's rest: one night's respite from the tossing and shaking of the litter, the ache of a cramped position, the grip and shudder, the burn and shiver of the quotidian; and then on to the group of shanties which represented civilisation, where at the least a coasting-schooner might be found anchored behind the island.

But the Indians went back to the rubber forests; six days dawned and died, and each brought nearer a longer voyage than either husband or wife had anticipated—the last voyage of all, when the wind of death fills the sails and the solitary craft goes down before that breeze into the Unknown.

"I shall never see the sea any nearer than this, Maisie," he said, when he woke upon that opaline and crystal morning and found her watching by his side; "you'll have to go on alone, you and the little one."

They looked into each other's faces. On his, pinched and sunken, there was the apathetic despair of long suffering; on hers the suffering poignantly realised, unrelieved, unrelievable.

"You will get stronger, darling; it will be cooler—soon." She spoke with a cheerfulness that mocked her own ear. "And when Larry comes again, you'll try, won't you, beloved? It was so wonderful we should find him here, wasn't it? You'll be safer with him than with anybody else."

The Deceiver .

It's only the effort of getting to the port, and once we are on board the *Anna* you will pick up every hour. It's this stagnating heat that is killing you."

"Larry can't wait."

"Oh, he can wait!" She dismissed the thought of the *Anna's* master impatiently. "Ah, for the baby's sake and mine, darling!"

"Poor Maisie!" He made an effort to lift his weak hand and lay it on hers. "Poor Maisie, poor girl! Larry will be good to you. Good chap, Larry; you can trust him. He'll look after you and the girlie. Poor wee woman! Queer to think she's never seen us, isn't it?"

"I thank God for that, if for nothing else, that He sent her sightless into the world, when I look at this!" she cried passionately, her eyes turned towards the shining sea; for under all the magnificent beauty of the world about her she saw only the hidden treachery, the deadly purpose, the stealthy death that was creeping every moment nearer to take her husband from her.

"Hard on her, though, the little lassie, and—it'll make the fight bigger for you, Maisie."

"Don't pity her, Harry—pity us! She'll know of nothing but beautiful things; she'll hear of none but good. All the evil world will be shut out from her. God helping me, she shall be happy and pure and innocent. She'll never miss what she hasn't seen. But I—what comfort is there left for me? How can I live on alone, it may be so long—so long!"

Her courage, so gallantly maintained during the arduous descent to the seaboard, failed her at last, and she broke down, her head bowed upon his hand, on which her tears fell. She saw the future stretching before her, desolate, barren as a desert, a weary space that she must traverse alone with never an oasis to break the shapeless solitude, and her burden seemed greater than she could bear. For the moment even her blind and helpless child was as a shadow to her; without her husband nothing could avail.

Years earlier they had met as waifs meet, cast upon strange shores. They had the tie of English blood, of English traditions, the shared sense of being exiles for whom there was no return. She, the child of a worthless, idle man long dead, her mother dead too, had drifted to South America, and

there lived more or less an adventurous, uncared-for life, grasping at any and every chance of supporting herself, wresting her bread almost by force from friend or neighbour. Such a life—the life of a fighter—is good for no woman, and all her finer bloom might very soon have been rubbed off but for her meeting with Harry Kingdon. He called back to the gates of her soul the purer emotions that had been receding into darkness: what had been bold and hard in her, the armour she had been compelled to wear as a self-defence, was lost in a new tenderness. She loved her husband passionately and followed him faithfully in the ups and downs (more downs than ups) of an uneven career; by her cheerfulness she corrected his apparently unreasonable melancholies and gave him a better conceit of himself than he had ever before been able to entertain.

There were no sealed pages in his story: she knew every incident in his life, and there was not one with which she had any quarrel, except perhaps that which coloured and shaped the whole of it—his first marriage. She was conscious of a sudden flaming jealousy when she thought of her predecessor—not because she was less well loved—she knew herself to be first in her husband's heart—but because of the sacrifice of his career this foolish, fretful school-girl had asked as the price of her hand. They had run away together when they were both too young to know the extent of their folly, and when the girl found herself disinherited and abandoned by her friends, she flung the burden of her bitter disappointment and unhappiness upon him, and crushed his ambition under it. He had been a student of medicine, but had neither the means nor the opportunity to continue his studies in Nicaragua, where he had found a small and precarious post, and all that remained to him of energy or interest in life was absorbed in the struggle to secure daily bread.

From this apathy Maisie had roused him, rekindling in him the spark of hope, the zest to succeed. The coming of their child years after their marriage drew them only closer; they talked often of the fight they must make for her that she might not know her loss. After her birth matters improved; they were making their way; Harry had got an appointment that took him at last from the unhealthy tropics into a region where the climate is the most



"AH, FOR THE BABY'S SAKE AND MINE, DARLING!"

The Deceiver

magnificent in the world; where he need no longer face separation, or dread solitude — and then—he was suddenly struck down.

She roused herself soon with a sting of shame for her selfishness. Would there not be time enough later for tears and despair?

A man's step outside made her quickly dry her eyes and summon back her composure.

"It's Larry!" she said, and bent to kiss the stricken white face on the pillow. He had suffered pang for pang with her, though he had no tears.

In their desolation they had been left unfriended. Rough men, hiding great goodness of heart under rough manners, tramped out from the township with offerings of food and news—stale enough, but news of home. Even when they were capable of nothing more than sitting on the chest and smoking in an enormous silence, the sense of companionship cheered. They took no apparent notice of the child, but they brought queer offerings for her: so queer that Maisie was sometimes divided between laughter and tears; they one and all conspired—men who prized life lightly enough themselves—to assure her that her husband was getting better.

But of all these strangers, the one who was no stranger but an old friend had the closest welcome. It seemed a wonderful chance that he should be at Limon in the hour of their need. Larry Fogo, as he called himself (the Kingdons had reason to suspect it was not his legitimate name), seemed born to be something better than the skipper of a coasting-schooner, a mere tramp among the fine company of the sea. But of his past, and of the fate that had determined his life, he never spoke. He was a big man of about forty, with brilliant blue eyes that shone oddly in his brick-coloured face, a kind, alert, cheerful look and very rare speech.

She got up and went out into the blazing sun to meet him. He looked at her tear-blurred eyes, and a shadow came into his own.

"No better," she answered his mute inquiry. "Larry, comfort him if you can."

"Give me the kiddie." He held out his arms. She resigned the child to him, waited an instant to see it content in his strong firm grasp, and then went to help the Indian woman prepare an *olla podrida* from the provisions he had brought.

Fogo, stooping under the grass mat, entered the hut, kicked a candle-box into position, and sat down.

"Better, old man?" he asked.

Harry Kingdon smiled wanly.

"Larry, old boy," he said in a low whisper, "we'll not pretend. It's our chance—while she's away and can't hear. She can't bear it, poor girl, but—you'll see her through? When I'm gone—you'll stand by Maisie and the kiddie?"

Fogo looked down at the child and listened a moment to its quick respiration. That little pulse of life beating so close to his own heart filled him with an acute consciousness of the mystery of being, with its predestination to suffering and death.

He looked up and nodded.

"Better not talk," he said. "Rest."

Kingdon smiled again. His mouth was almost womanish in its sweet curves.

"Rest! I'll have the whole of eternity to rest in. Let's talk while I can. I have till one o'clock. Then the fever demons come back again, and this time, I fancy, they won't loose their hold. Larry, we've faced it pretty often in the last eight years, you and I—but when it comes to hand-grips, well, one would like to take it standing. But—what is death?"

The answer seemed to be torn out of an almost impenetrable reserve.

"The gate to truth."

"To truth?" the sick man echoed drearily; "I'm leaving all the truth I know behind." He lay a long time still, his spirit vainly trying to pierce the oncoming dusk, but at the first insidious return of approaching fever he began to talk and move restlessly. He spoke of his wedding-day, as if Fogo had been present, though they had not known each other then.

"You were there—you saw Maisie. Did you ever see any one so pretty in that little white frock and those roses you brought in her hair? Up to the last I'd been afraid she'd fail me; it seemed too good to be true that she'd come to me. I was an awfully lonely chap. You don't know—you were never married. Maimie tried, poor girl, but she couldn't face the failure, the disgrace. She never forgave me—"

He rambled on, speaking, as Fogo supposed, of some forgotten episode in his English past, stirred to life in his feverish brain. He listened very intently, keen to lose no hint or instruction that could guide him afterwards in befriending Maisie and

The Deceiver

the child; but as the patient's temperature rose his speech grew less connected, more and more incoherent. Over and over again came pleadings, entreaties for those he was leaving; fragments of past history, returns to childish days, hints of some distressing experience that had left its scar; but through it all, never obscured, glimpses of an enjoyed happiness amazing to the unfriended man who listened.

If it were the truth to which he was going, it was love, dearly and closely human, which he was leaving, and the parting daunted him.

Fogo did not reiterate the promise silently given. Once he got up, and, reaching for a glass and bottle, poured out the prescribed dose of opium. The sick man took it eagerly, and was soon lulled and soothed into greater quietness.

"Put her beside me," he said, looking longingly at the white bundle in Fogo's arms, which with little starts and small sounds proclaimed itself awake: "I shan't hurt her: it isn't time for the shakes yet."

Fogo obeyed, laying the baby down very gently and tucking up the folds of the nightgown about the invisible feet. In all that he did, this big, silent man with the big hands was wonderfully deft, and more capable than many women are.—He left them together, the child laid in a crook of the father's arm, and went out to help Maisie. He took from her the wooden spoon with which she was stirring a savoury mess.

She yielded, protesting faintly.

"I'm not tired—it's the nights—the horror of them—it doesn't leave one—the evil, unseen things creeping and rustling all round—they're there still, though one doesn't see them. Once I saw a snake—an anaconda—quite near the door—" She shuddered. "The candle caught its eyes—they burned like two live coals; but I think"—she smiled faintly—"the centipedes are even worse; they make me shiver all down my spine. I have always hated things that crawl—haven't you? The original curse does seem to cling to them, doesn't it?"

He knew that she was talking to hide from him that other fear, so haunting and desolating, that far outweighed the mere physical terrors of the night when the teeming life of shore and lagoon peopled the darkness; but he only nodded assent.

"Loathsome brutes. We're not busy

now. The *Anna's* cargo is nearly all stored. I'll be there to-night—outside."

"When does the *Anna* sail?"

"Not yet."

She knew that he was waiting—for her. In the first days of her husband's relapse he had urged her to take passage on another steamer then about to leave the port, and had promised himself to nurse her husband.

The look of amazement and scorn she flashed on him was answer enough.

"Leave Harry—my husband—*now!*"

"Might take ill yourself. That would be worse."

"You know I'm immune. I have not had the fever for years."

"The child."

Her face did not soften.

"Maisie's father comes first," she said. "If she knew—if she could choose, she would tell you so herself. She wouldn't be *his* child if she were capable of forsaking him."

Perhaps he did know to what heroic heights of folly women can rise for those they love, sacrificing reason and duty, risking dearest possessions—even life itself—but at least he did not urge her again.

And now it was not worth while.

She knew it. It would be as Harry had said—the parting of the ways where each traveller goes on solitary was very near at hand. When she set foot on the grimy little schooner already getting up steam in the distant bay, the vast estranging sea of destiny would sweep her onwards—alone.

"This stew smells awfully good," said Fogo; "come and eat it." He put a constraining hand on her shoulder and led her back to the hut. By a kind of divination he seemed to know where to find everything. The big chest that had travelled down on mule-back served as a table; he spread it and brought the food; he put the port-manteau in position for her, and dragged forward the candle-box, seating himself sideways on it and tucking away his long legs into wonderfully little space.

His calm, matter-of-fact manner, and a certain outgoing, perhaps, of his steady will, compelled her to eat and drink as if this day were as other days, and the final avalanche of disaster were not about to rush down upon her.

Kingdon was far beyond eating, and even the fires of fever had burned themselves out at last. The convulsing ague which shook him on other days till everything in the

The Deceiver

little hut rattled as in an earthquake did not return; he lay peacefully in the weakness of exhaustion, the unconscious infant as peacefully asleep at his side.

When Fogo went tramping back to Limon along the yellow shore in the exquisite lights of the tropical afternoon, husband and wife had some last hours together for whispered words and long silences full of dumb grief.

He still lived when the black curtain of night fell suddenly and like a golden fire the stars rushed out. Into that velvet blackness there crept the stealthy tread she dreaded, feet of creatures that came to prey and of other creatures that fled, fearing to be preyed on: all the strange struggle of Nature—the battle for dominance, for sheer life, that goes on when the world sleeps.

But above these sounds and stilling them, she heard another: the steady fall of a foot upon the sand—and in the midst of her ungovernable anguish she felt a faint sense of comfort. She was not wholly forsaken.

Maisie Kingdon was not a godly woman; she found no consolation in submission to the Divine Will; God, as she apprehended Him, was a cruel, over-ruling power, pitiless in His decrees, willing her evil. She knew of nothing better yet in all her woeful world than this sense of human goodness, human pity for a grief past consolation. And all that she knew of it came to her in that quiet, unfaltering step heard above the anguished throbbing of her own heart.

CHAPTER VI

PUNCTUALLY every six months or so the skipper of the *Anna* wrote to Maisie Kingdon, letters almost as short as his speech, but each, from its date to the firm, clear signature, conveying a sense of strength.

When Maisie took one from the postman, she always had some revival of the old feeling of being protected. At more frequent intervals parcels reached her; boxes of fruit from the West Indies, trifles picked up here and there in different ports and sent to the child. And once a year at least, the *Anna* had cargo of sugar, molasses or tobacco to discharge at the wharves on the banks of the Mississippi, and then she might count on seeing her friend.

She had hired two rooms in a cottage in the old Spanish quarter, set in a quaint, dusty, flowery little garden; for

New Orleans is essentially a city of perpetual bloom, and everywhere, the whole year round, there is the gaiety of bud and leaf. There, rousing herself from her overwhelming grief, she set herself to work for her child. A fever seemed to burn in her, the fever to succeed, to earn enough to hedge the little blind Maisie from every want. It was her one pre-occupation, the one thing that made life possible, or worth living. In that languorous air borne in warm from the Spanish Main, where energy is so soon sapped, she was strenuously busy. From the first she had set herself against any occupation that would take her away from the child, and at last, after much privation, much patience, she had acquired a little business that kept her in bread.

She had a quick eye and a deft hand, and she found her *métier* in trimming hats cheaply.

Creole girls of the lower class, gay, proud, idle, frivolous, were her chief clients; their laughter, and their coquettish airs as they considered the fashions reflected upon their elaborate heads in her narrow glass, filled her with a kind of wonder, it was so long since she had found any pleasure in finery; for them, with their ardent love of colour, she surrounded herself with bright ribbons and flowers that far outdid Nature's hues, sitting all day in a dazzle of tints and tones that ill-matched her grey thoughts.

On summer evenings she would sometimes take Maisie to Jackson Square, the old parade-ground by the river, now a gardenized space, or along the tree-bordered roads where houses shaded with jalousies, and patios, seen behind curiously-wrought grilles, were found to be gemmed with flowers, song-haunted and cool with splash of falling water.

At night, when the child slept, she would work again, stopping only to write to Fogo. To him she sent long answers, mostly about Maisie; always about Maisie.

Maisie's third birthday coincided with the *Anna's* arrival at the river docks, and he came that evening laden with toys, but too late for her little feast. The table was still spread, in the centre a cake with "Maisie" in pink relief upon a field of icing, and round it a wreath of pomegranate blossom; if Maisie's eyes could not see, her little mind knew that flowers were beautiful, her slender finger had traced her own name.

She was gathered on her mother's lap in a deep rocking-chair when Fogo came in,

The Deceiver

as quietly as if it were only yesterday instead of eight months since he had last entered, and when Mrs. Kingdon sprang up and went to meet him she had the air of offering the little girl's welcome first.

"Larry, oh, Larry! We were hoping you would come! Both hands, Maisie darling, and say we're glad you came to our birthday party."

"Larry," the child repeated, and halted there, her beautiful eyes vague, but her little hands going out confidently.

"Why, she remembers me!"

"Of course she does!"

"She has grown a great deal."

"Isn't she tall! Stand by mother's knee, Maisie, and let Larry see what a great girl you are! You wouldn't have known her again, would you,—my little rose, with all those yellow curls!"

"A white rose," he thought, but kept that back. He coaxed the child to him, and by some magnetism in him, so overcame her timidity that presently they were playing together, and her little tinkle of laughter rang out.

Mrs. Kingdon lay back in the chair watching with eager, hungry eyes; Maisie was such a silent little thing, so shadowed with the sorrows of her entry into life, that to hear her laugh made the mother half afraid—half jealous.

Then Fogo, his right hand still about her little waist, crushing the gay sash, used his left one deftly to pick up his scattered parcels. He made her understand that here were mysteries connected with a three-years birthday, and helped her tiny fingers to undo the string and unfold the brown and then the white paper.

"Oh, you spoil her!" cried the mother suddenly, interrupting the child's little coos of pleasure. She shut her hands and controlled an impulse to snatch the baby away. "Besides, she must go to bed. It's long past her usual time. Come to mother, darling."

"The occasion isn't usual."

"Because—you're here?"

"If you like," he smiled, but she could not smile back. Her lips quivered faintly. It was Harry who ought to have been here, with his pride in the birthday and his presents, his arm drawing the little daughter close. He lay so near her heart that she could always summon him back as he was before he became ill; but since he had died, there were many times when he did not

seem near her at all; when he seemed to have passed on into some dim Unknown, where life and even love concerned him no more. This was one of these times. She cried to him silently and he did not hear, and this man, his friend—

She got up impetuously, trembling, unable to endure any more.

"Come, Maisie," she said; "mother wants her little own girl."

The child turned reluctantly in the direction of the voice, a mournful submission in her sightless eyes, but it was Fogo who lifted her into the outstretched impatient arms.

"Play again to-morrow," he reassured her cheerfully.

"What, more surprises to-morrow!" said Mrs. Kingdon in a high key. "Ah, but we can't have another birthday for a long, long time! Two dolls! Hasn't kind Larry given you a big family to take care of! Yes, my own, you shall take them both to bed with you, the pink lady on one side, and the blue one on the other; mother will tuck you all up together!" At the door she looked at Fogo over her shoulder. "You'll smoke, or something, won't you; you'll amuse yourself?"

He heard her moving about in the inner room, talking almost continuously in a hushed voice, and then he heard her singing. He had never heard her sing before. He looked thoughtfully round him: the furniture had seen many masters and mistresses, and bore traces of hard work; it was scant and shabby, there was nothing to attract but the cake, flower-garlanded, a tiny mug half-full of pale brown milk, and on the mantelpiece a very small, buttonless shoe. For these signs, rightly interpreted, gave the key to Maisie Kingdon's life. On a table by the window, pushed out of its usual place, were many snippings of silk and velvet, and a litter of chiffon and feathers; and standing up among them a pasteboard bust and head with a vacant painted smile; but these things only meant her work.

She was a long time in returning, and then she said—

"She's asleep. I was afraid she never would go; she's excited—for so quiet a mouse. Now I'll make you some coffee, and you'll tell me about yourself—what you've been doing."

"No, coffee—I've dined."

She did not insist, but pulled some work

The Deceiver

out of a basket, and began to sew swiftly. He looked at her bent face and saw that it was growing lined and thin and had ceased to be pretty; the life and the youth had gone out of it. For a minute when he came in it had been animated, the face of the old Maisie; but now it was set and sad. She asked him a few questions, since he showed no disposition to speak of himself, but did not seem much interested in his answers, so he fell to questions himself.

"What's that you're sewing?" He watched her hand running the needle in and out of some thin silk stuff.

"A frock for Maisie."

"Aren't you going it too fast?"

"What—the running? That is done fast, you know."

"No—everything."

"You mean that I work too hard——"

"Yes."

"For Maisie!" Her eyes flashed. "I couldn't. If I could do twice as much I would. I hate myself because I can't. She's got nobody but me—nobody. I'd do anything for her; why, I believe"—she gave a little hard laugh—"if there were something downright wicked to be done that would benefit her, I'd fly to do it."

"Would you do—something else——"

"Something *not* wicked?"

"Well—perhaps——"

"What, for instance? Try me; you'll not find there's much I'd stick at!" With that sense of her great remoteness from her dead husband she was passionately eager to keep and hold all of himself that he had left her—his child. She almost thrust her supreme claim in Fogo's face.

"Could you—marry me?"

"Larry!" Of a sudden the hot blood flamed into her cheeks and surged up till her very brow was crimson. The shock of his question held her silent, but at the surprised and angry reproach in her eyes, his own fell.

"The kiddie," he stammered.—"Could work for her, you know—much stronger than you. Work for both."

"Oh, you shouldn't, you shouldn't!" she said, finding voice at last. "You of all men, who knew what we were to each other. Am I not Harry's wife still—his and no other's, for all time? Do you suppose because he's gone away it's an easy thing for me to be unfaithful? Do you think that you—or any one—will do to lean on because I'm alone? Oh, you

do me a great wrong! I'm not a light woman to love twice. I could never, never marry again, or allow any one else to work for my Harry's child."

"Forgive me, Maisie."

"Yes," she said; but she did not find pardon easy. "You didn't mean—you didn't understand——"

"Perhaps not."

Yet it seemed to him he understood very well. Here she was, slaving herself to skin and bone—he wasn't even sure if she had enough to eat; *her* dress, though Maisie was clad like a princess, was very poor and shabby—sadly handicapped with a child who could never work for herself—and here was he, a man without ties or claims, strong enough and willing and able to help her. He did not expect the romantic love she had given Harry Kingdon—no life can flower twice in that way—but he had hoped for kindness and companionship, and the warm certainty of a home to return to after each voyage. No more than that. But even his modest desires were not to be fulfilled, and his great thought was to save her from annoyance.

"Don't bother, don't think about it," he said kindly. "It's all right. A mistake. Forget it."

"Oh, Larry!" She softened, remembering a hundred unselfish acts of goodness on his part. "I hope you don't really mind?"

"No, no."

"You startled me so, but I didn't mean to be—unkind. But I had never dreamed—it's so impossible."

"Yes, I see."

"You've been such a loyal friend, the loyalest and best to Harry and me, and your being with us—then—gives you always a sacred place——"

She was offering him the second best, as a woman will, thinking it full compensation for all that she withholds; and he took it as few men would take it, with a generous desire not to let her see how little worth having it was.

"Must always be chums."—He rose and looked at her with the steady light of friendship in his blue eyes—the light she had asked him to kindle there afresh.

She rose too. She put her hand rather timidly on his rough sleeve.

"You—you won't let this make any difference?" she faltered.

"Why should it?" he questioned quietly.

The Deceiver

"Yes, why!" she echoed eagerly. "We'll forget it all."

He had wanted to help her, and he could do that still, though not so well or so easily. His own disappointment altered nothing as far as she was concerned. It only put further off—into the vague mist of years—that dream of a woman waiting in port and a man sending his thoughts to her from the sea.

"Maisie shall bless you always," she whispered, her tired, anxious eyes swimming in tears.

"Good-bye. Take care of yourself;" he held her hand in a strong, firm clasp.

"But—you'll come again to-morrow?"

She did not rest well that night. Silently, in fear to wake the sleeping baby, she pressed her face against the pillow and wept out her heart-sickness for the dead.

Next day she worried and questioned herself a good deal, wondering if she ought to have foreseen Larry's intention and saved him the pain of refusal. She was apparently absorbed in balancing the two sides of a toque that was expected to carry a burden of flowers, ribbon-bows and birds; but she was thinking of all the times he had stood between her and trouble and difficulty, cared for her when she was friendless and poor, borne with her miserable depression; and, weighed against these, her regard, respect, gratitude, did not seem so very magnificent a boon. Yet though she had nothing more to give, she wanted to keep all that he had laid at her feet. It is a bargain friendship often levies from love.

She sat at the table again with the remnants of last night's feast—how poor a banquet is "could kail het again!" and wove fresh flowers, and dressed little Maisie once more in her best frock and sash; but he did not come. She sat listening for a step on the garden-walk, forgetting to eat and drink, and it was a dull little meal, even Maisie's small voice failing at last.

When night had quite closed in, and she was alone with no company but that of the vacant smiling block upon which she tried her "creations," she was more worried than before, and half resentful as well.

If she had really frightened him away, what should she do if Maisie were ill—what would Maisie do if she—her mother—were to die?

The thought was too overwhelming.—Oh, why were men so stupid? Why did they always want the things they couldn't get?

She found a note from him on her sitting-room table next morning, and a packet of sweets for Maisie.

He wrote just as at other times: said he had been very busy and unable to leave the schooner, but would come the first free moment. Then he went on—

"I'm sending you an English newspaper—two months old, as you'll see—which I happened on by chance. There's an advertisement in it which may rather a bit startle you. Don't be in a hurry. Think the thing out quietly. There may be nothing in it. If I can help, send me word and I'll come, though it may be a bit late."

An advertisement? What interest could any advertisement have for her, a recluse, with no ties to the world?

She looked askance at the paper which he had addressed to her. From the enfolded wrapper it thrust out two soiled, stained ends; those dark blotches had been received in some dingy *café* where it had shared many miscellaneous meals—been thumbled and read and tossed aside. What had she to do with it?

She gave Maisie her bread-and-milk to the last spoonful, before, with a little disgust and repulsion, and small inclination to remove it, she took off the cover. After a cursory search she found an advertisement marked with a large firm cross made with a red pencil. It was the first of several announcements in what is called the "Agony" column of *The Standard*. She stared at it and read it twice before she could take in its meaning.

"MOORE—KINGDON.—A reward will be paid to any one who can furnish the address, if still alive, or full particulars of death of Mary or Maimie Sara Moore, only child and heiress of the late Richard and Sara Moore, of 156 Portland Place, London, W., who in 18— married, at Bournemouth, Henry Kingdon, student of medicine, and was supposed to have gone abroad. The lady above-mentioned is entitled under the will of her mother to a large sum of money, now in the hands of Messrs. Sim and Procter, Solicitors, Gray's Inn Lane, London, W.C., to whom all communications should be made."

Mrs. Kingdon could never afterwards unravel the tangle of her thoughts and feelings, when at last her confused mind took in the full significance of the paragraph. Many emotions seemed to flow together as streams make a great river—triumph, fear, hope, doubt—but that which made the loudest murmur and most fully fed the swift current was triumph.

The Deceiver

Here was justification for her husband—who had suffered—oh, how he had suffered with that fine sensitive soul of his, all raw to wounds! Here was bread and to spare for Harry's child!

She lost herself for a few minutes, carried onwards to that distant ocean of the future, where Harry's child should be rich and much-considered and happy in spite of the one shut portal to the world of Nature; she was trying to hear the waves break murmurously on that unseen shore, and failed to

husband was avenged at last, should carry her down that hurrying river. Hope? What need of it when certainty was hers? Doubt, fear, difficulty? Her face hardened, even as she lifted little Maisie and wiped the milk-stains from her small tender mouth, an old expression which had lain sleeping came back to it, an expression that had become almost a habit before Harry Kingdon came into her life.

To sew was impossible. A pretty Creole girl tripped up the garden-path and fluttered



TO DESTROY THEM WAS AS THE CUTTING OFF OF A HAND

notice the humble, plaintive little pipe of Maisie asking to have her feeder taken off and herself released from her high chair.

When with a pang of self-reproach she became conscious of the child's cry, it broke the spell of that one dominating thought, and the other elements of her emotion had opportunity to make themselves felt. But she crushed them back. She resolutely conquered a fear that ran through her veins with the chill of a winter frost. Only triumph, the uplifting conviction that her

in at the open door, hoping to go away vain and happy in a feather-crowned hat, and was almost repulsed. Dreading further interruption, Mrs. Kingdon locked the door and drew the blind of the window facing the garden, signal to her clients that she was from home; and in that twilight she sat down before an old desk she had not had the courage to open since her husband's death.

There were a great many papers tied in bundles, filling it to its utmost capacity. Harry Kingdon had been too indolent or

The Deceiver

too reluctant to destroy his correspondence. She found packets of her own letters there, all that she had ever written to him, and put them aside with welling tears. She dared not read them for fear of weakening herself for the task she had set herself. More faded, though far less time-worn with constant reading, was another sheaf of letters tied with a pink ribbon and signed "Maimie."—Her face burned as she took it up, and the fire in her heart dried the spring of her tears. She sought out the first, and read them, so far as she could for lack of dates, consecutively, her eyes so hard that they seemed almost to stab the faint words.

They were foolish, girlish letters, beginning sentimentally with much quotation of silly poetry, and very very quickly degenerating into peevish laments and reproaches.—The first were from England, but all the later ones were addressed from different places in Central America, and they were mostly signed M. Kingdon.

The remaining letters in the desk were of little importance to her purpose, with the exception of two; both bitterly angry letters, the letters of a mother who repudiated and disowned her child; who rejected any overtures and refused further correspondence. She read these carefully twice.

They went into the little heap she was accumulating on one side of the desk. She added to it a few boyish notes addressed to her husband from fellow-students at Guy's, and two photographs. At one of these, representing a young handsome man with a gentle, refined face, she looked long, kissing it passionately before laying it down; at the other she merely glanced with something almost of contempt. A birth- and a marriage-certificate were the only papers with which she increased the small orderly heap on one side of the desk. On the other, scattered abroad in their far greater numbers, were her own letters, with the flame of her heart still living, pulsing in them. To destroy them was as the cutting off of a hand, the plucking out of an eye; but she lit a little fire on the hearth and did it. When the last gold spark died from the crumbling tinder, she put her face in her hands and cried bitterly.

Maisie, playing silently with her dolls under the table, heard the strange sound, and into her infant mind there entered the first confused perception of the perplexity

of life. She had never heard her mother cry before.

Two days passed before Maisie sent for Larry Fogo, and then he came, as he said he might come, rather late in the evening. She was alone, but she was not at work. She had buried the hateful model under a grave of flowers and feathers.

He saw at once by her high colour and half-absent manner that she was labouring under some new influence, and had entirely forgotten the circumstances of their parting. Her handshake was perfunctory, her eyes saw things far off. The newspaper he had sent her lay open at the marked place, as if she had only just read it, and as his eye fell on it, his mind connected it with her suppressed excitement.

"Anything in it?" he asked, as he seated himself.

Her glance followed his.

"Anything? Why, everything!" she said, surprised, forgetting that she had had two days in which to become familiar with the unexpected.

"Then it really refers to you?"

"How could you doubt it?" she asked, staring at him. "Is there any other Harry Kingdon answering to that description?"

"Didn't know but what there might have been."

"Of course you couldn't know; we were quite old married folks when we first met you, and I dare say it never occurred to Harry to speak of his English life; naturally it was rather a painful subject. He scarcely ever alluded to it, even to me. They so utterly disapproved of the marriage—they were so cruel to him, they insulted him——"

"Your people?" he asked, trying to enter sympathetically into her meaning.

"Your mother—and father——"

To his surprise she turned scarlet, and then as suddenly pale.

"Oh, don't let us bring it all back!" she said, her hands at her throat, as if her collar were choking her. A sort of shudder ran through her body. Her emotion was so great that there was something almost melodramatic in her manner. "I simply can't tell you—all that happened. I must shut my eyes to all that if I'm to go forward. Don't you see it would weaken me?—and I'll have to be strong—as strong as a lion to fight for Maisie."

He supposed she must have had a very unhappy home—an unkind mother, perhaps,

The Deceiver

and he was sorry for her. Nothing is really worse than the unhappiness of the young; it spreads a shadow over all life.

"Won't have to fight if this is true;" he tapped the newspaper.

"You think not?" she said eagerly, with another abrupt change. She was quite off her balance to-night. "Of course, I know I'll have to prove Harry's identity. But I've all the papers: letters and—certificates and things. I've been looking them out, it has been horribly painful——" She hid her face.

"It's your own identity you'll have to prove, since the money is yours," he said. "It wouldn't have affected him except through you; it's as your parents' child and not as Harry's widow you inherit, but of course there's no difficulty about that."

"Why should there be?" she asked, almost defiantly, as if she were already challenged. "But remember," she spoke impressively, "it's for Harry I'm going to make the claim—for Harry only. For myself, I'd rather starve—I hate every memory of that time. They humiliated him so, my Harry!—but though he can't enjoy the money himself, it's only fair his child should. When Maisie is rich, I shall feel as if he were—avenged."

He thought he understood. Her suffering must have been great if it were in proportion to her bitterness.

"Tell me—that's why I sent for you. What must I do first?"

"I suppose you must communicate with those lawyers."

"Of course! But I can't wait for letters. The suspense would kill me. I must telegraph. Will you do it for me to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"And say that I am coming home to make good my title——"

"Better wait——"

"I can't wait!" she said passionately. "I must do it now—at once, or I'd never do it. It's—it's for Harry's honour. When can I get a steamer?"

"Next week," he said gravely. "You'll have to trans-ship at New York."

"Not till then? Oh, well, I can be ready——" She cast an eye round the room as if her fingers itched to be packing. Then, as a discouraging thought occurred to her, she said in a choked voice—

"But—I forgot—I didn't think. I suppose it will cost a good deal, and—and I haven't the money."

"I can give you the money, Maisie."

"Ah, if you would lend it!"

And it was he who, a week later, took her passage and saw her off. It was rather an unhappy time before she sailed, though he helped her all he could. There were moments when she seemed almost embarrassed in his presence, as if she remembered that he loved her and were somehow remorseful for it. Moments when she was depressed, timid, seemingly overwhelmed at the duty before her. And others when she was hard as steel with inflexible purpose.

It was in such mood she left him, her eyes glittering, her cheeks red with excitement—"I mean to win," her last words to him.

He turned back into the flowery town, heavy at heart. His feet took him to her empty rooms. Their silence smote him.

Some one had annexed the tossed-over heap of chiffon and flowers. The doll, robbed of her draperies, naked and hideous, stood alone upon the round table, and stared at him with her painted simper.

(To be continued.)



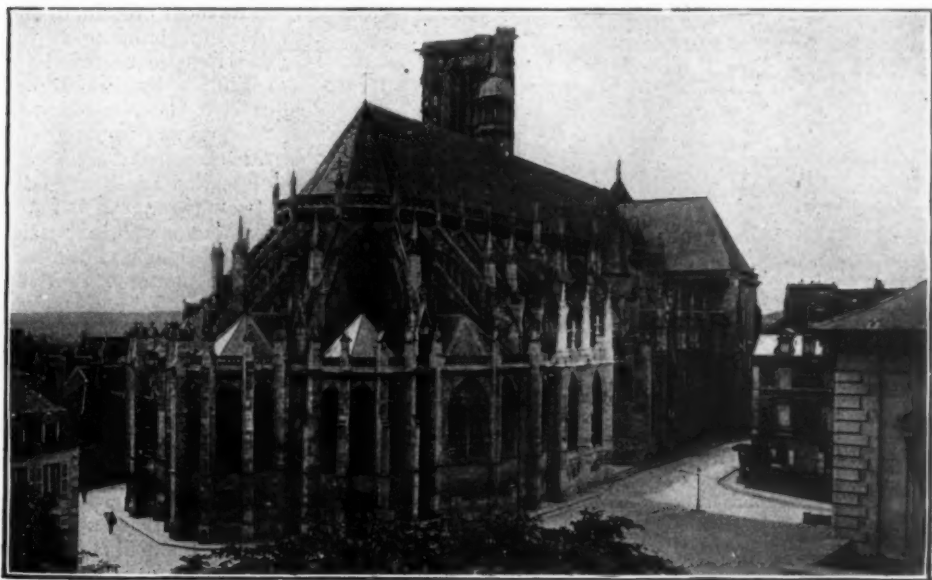


THE GOGUIN TOWER AND BRIDGE OVER THE LOIRE, NEVERS

TO get away from the beaten track, to walk through some old-world town unspoiled by the excursionist, is one of the rare delights of Continental travel to-day. The delight is all the greater if it is your privilege to enjoy the hospitality of a French home, and to get glimpses of a quiet family life unknown to the man who takes his ideas of France from "realistic" novels or the boulevards of Paris. Such a

privilege was mine during a recent visit to France.

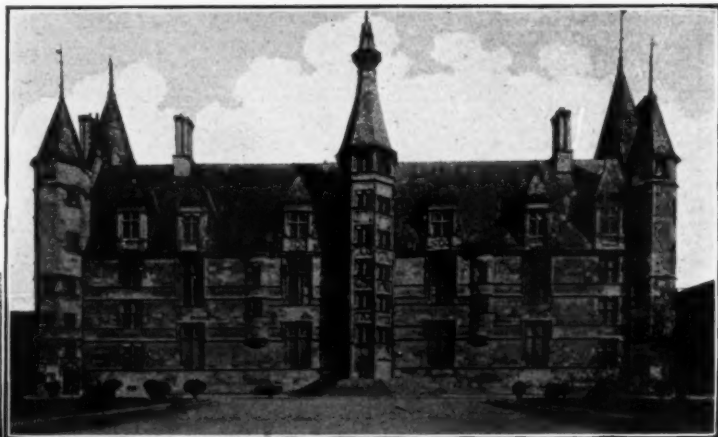
Taking the train from Paris for the south (the P.L.M.), we pass through orchards with apple-trees laden to the ground, and through fields of maize, while acacia-trees in rich abundance line both sides of the railway. There, at Fontainebleau, is the famous palace where Francis I., Henry IV., and Napoleon I. all lived; where Charles



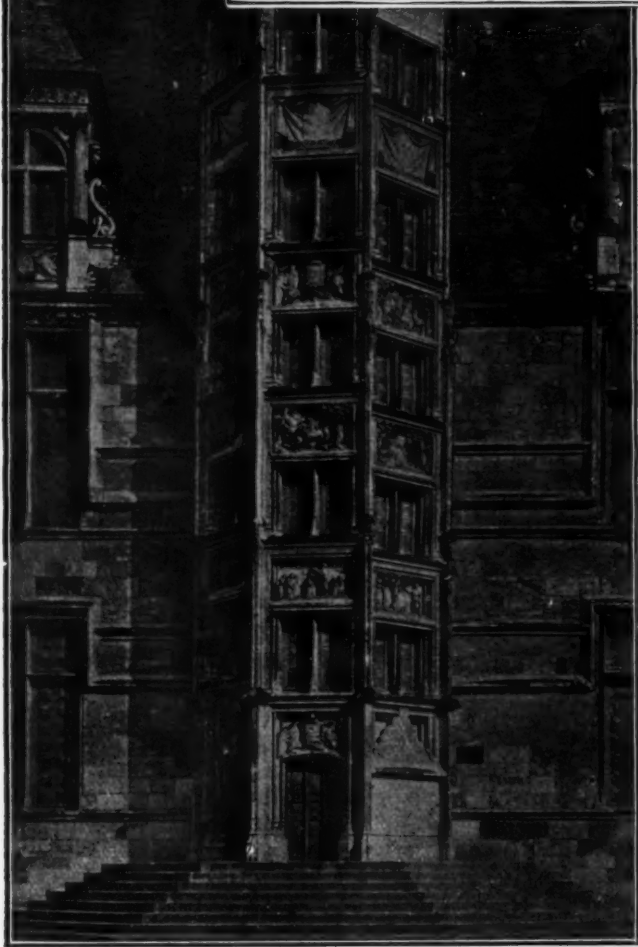
CATHEDRAL OF ST. CYR, NEVERS

In the Heart of France

IV. of Spain and Pope Pius VII. were prisoners; where Napoleon abdicated and took his farewell of the eagles and the Imperial Guard. Here we pass La Charité, which was one of the four places of safety conceded to the Protestants under Coligny



THE DUCAL CASTLE, NEVERS



THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE DUCAL CASTLE, NEVERS

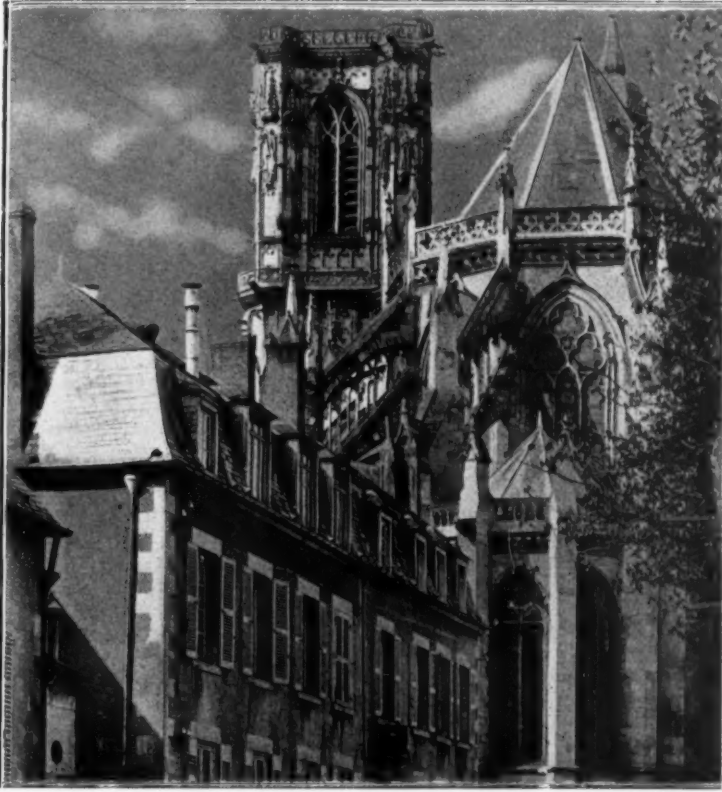
by the treaty of Saint Germain in 1570, the others being Rochelle, Montauban, and Cognac.

And here, 157 miles from Paris, we arrive at Nevers, almost the central point of France. It is a town of nearly 30,000 people, at the confluence of the Nièvre and the Loire.

Its most prominent and beautiful building is the ducal castle occupied for centuries by the Dukes of Nivernais, but now a "historical monument," though some of the courts of justice are held in its spacious rooms. It dates from feudal times, but its front belongs to the sixteenth century. In the grounds of the castle we saw some stone coffins of ancient date. Curiously enough, in one of the rooms of the castle of this old Roman Catholic town there is a fine portrait in oils of Beza, the reformer.

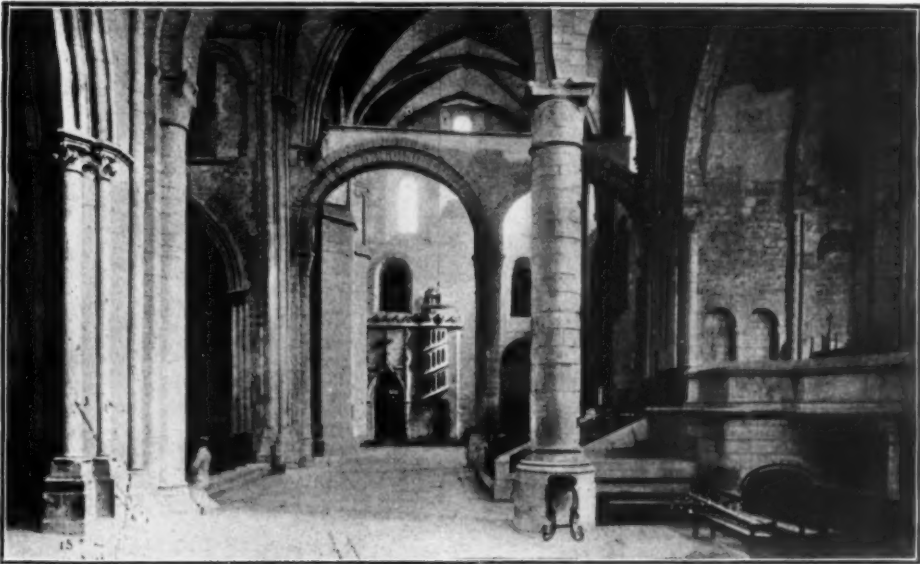
Among the successive names of the noble or ducal residents in this castle, perhaps the most notable are those of

In the Heart of France



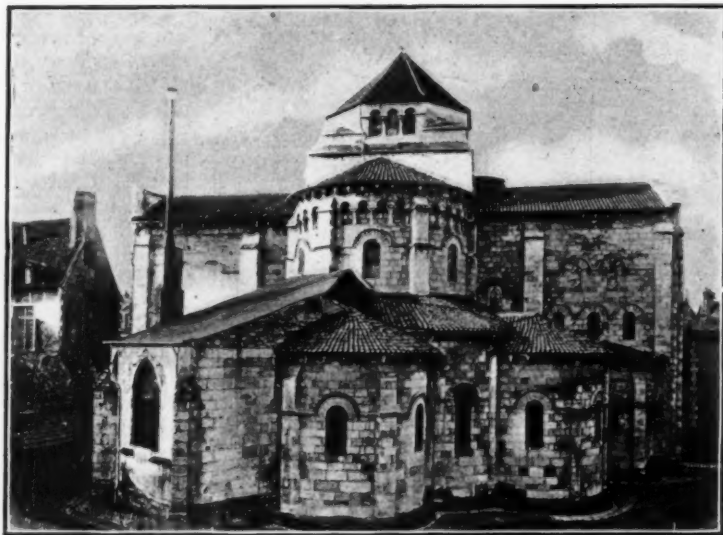
TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL, NEVERS

women. Here Marie d'Albret, wife of the Count of Nivernais, Charles of Clèves, who was imprisoned by Francis I., lived after her husband's death. Her son, the heir to the dukedom, was only five years old at the time, and to his education she devoted all her time and thought. She never ceased to mourn the loss of her husband. But she was not devoid of a sense of humour. Once, being displeased with the Chapter of the Cathedral, she introduced its members in some tapestries which she was working as the executioners of Saint Cyrus



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. CYR

In the Heart of France



CHURCH OF ST. ETIENNE

and Saint Julitte. Portions of these tapestries are still preserved.

Equally famous were the three daughters of Francis of Clèves, duke of Nivernais, who shared the dukedom after their brother's death without children. They were known as the "Three Graces," and were women of great beauty. Henriette, the eldest, was famous for her emerald eyes, immortalised by Ronsard in his lines beginning

"La Duchesse de Nevers,
Aux yeux verts."

She was a lover of art and poetry, and made a translation of Tasso's *Aminta*. Her friendship for Margaret of France, and her efforts to save her brother-in-law, the Prince of Condé, from the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, drew her into a conspiracy, the object of which was to carry off Henry of Navarre and the Duke of Alençon. Two officers, the lovers respectively of Margaret and herself, were beheaded for their part in this plot. Henriette devoted the rest of her life to works of charity and to literature.

Marie, the youngest of the three, became the wife of the celebrated Prince of Condé.

Another famous Duchess of Nivernais was the Princess Marie, who succeeded to the title in 1639. Nine years after she married Vladislav, king of Poland.

Leaving the castle, with its many historical associations, we turn our steps to the beautiful old cathedral of Saint Cyrus (Saint Cyr). Though there was a church on this



THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. ETIENNE, NEVERS

In the Heart of France

site before the ninth century, it was rebuilt in 801. This again was burnt in 1212, and much of the present building dates from that period. The tower was added in 1528. It is a fine specimen of the flamboyant Gothic.

Still more striking, both in its exterior and interior appearance, is the ancient church of Saint Stephen (Saint Etienne). A Latin inscription within says that Columbanus was the founder and abbot of this monastery in the reign of Thierry II., king of the French about the year 600. This Columbanus was the brave and saintly Irish missionary who gave so many years of his life to France, and died at Bobbio in Italy. The present church is said to date from 1083. Its "dim religious light"

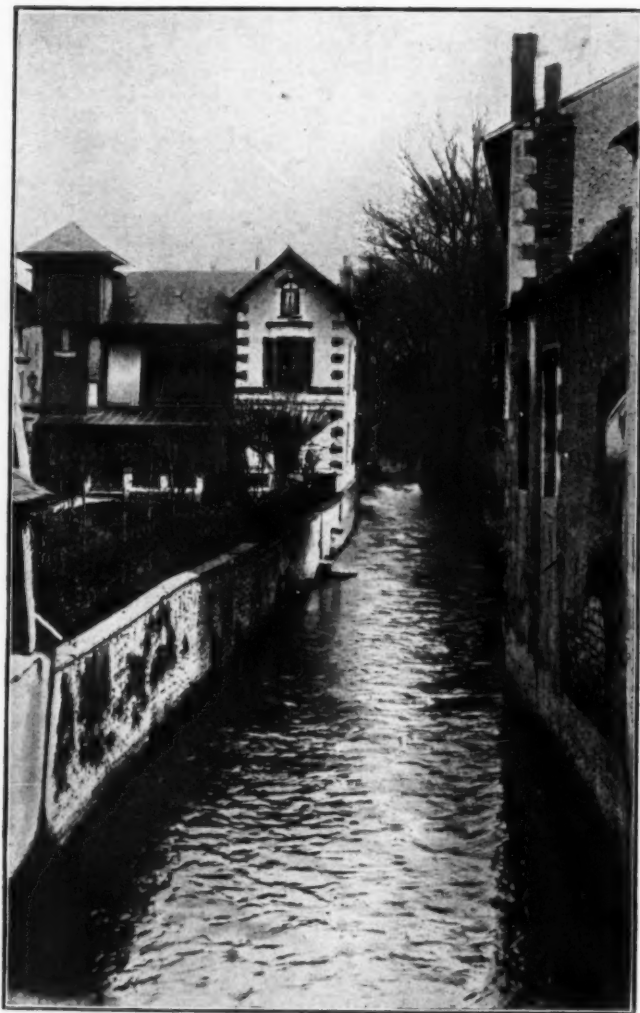


PORTE DU CROUX, NEVERS



TOWER OF SAINT ELOI, NEVERS

In the Heart of France



THE RIVER NIÈVRE, NEVERS

reminds one of the Temple Church in London.

Very interesting, too, are some of the ancient towers and gates of the town. There is the *Porte du Croux*, dating from the fourteenth century, the *Tower Saint-Eloi* and the *Tower of Goguin* close to the *Loire*. More modern is the *Porte de Paris*, erected in 1746 in honour of Marshal Saxe after the battle of Fontenoy.

On the outer wall of one of the old houses in Gothic lettering of ancient date

I read the following words:—

Fais ce que tu voudras
Avoir fait quand tu mourras

(Do that which you shall wish you had done when you come to die).

The principal industry of Nevers is its pottery. The courteous proprietor of the largest pottery, M. Montagnon, showed us over his works, where we saw the ware in making, and also some most beautiful finished specimens of his art. One costly vase was shown to us, for which he had refused £400.

For those who enjoy fishing there is excellent sport in the *Loire* and the smaller rivers which flow into it. At Nevers you may have at dinner, as I had, a dish of *écrevisses* (crayfish)—a fresh-water shellfish of the appearance and structure of a lobster, but in size not much larger than a good-sized shrimp, and very different from the huge "crayfish" of Australia, which is a salt-water fish.

When you have passed through the quiet streets of this old French town and under its stately towers, you feel as if it was the fourteenth century again instead of the twentieth. It would not surprise you to see a knight in armour step from one of those quaint old doorways, or to hear through one of those deep-vaulted windows a song of the troubadours. And though the whistle of the railway-engine and the advertisements on the walls recall you to the realities of to-day, you will still find in Nevers as stately dames, as beautiful maidens, and as courteous gentlemen as those who lived in the grand old days of yore.

C. H. I.

The Kaiser and his Chancellor

BY LOUIS ELKIND, M.D.¹

THE general and almost world-wide interest in the German Emperor increases steadily and surely; but even in the Empire over which he rules, to say nothing of other countries, his real character is not so well comprehended as it might be. It is indeed not so very long ago since most erroneous opinions of him were current in many quarters, the more ambitious or showy features of his policy, and, further, the outspoken and straightforward manner—which has been described as uncompromising by some writers—in which he criticised certain opinions and parties, provoking not only misunderstanding and a certain amount of unpopularity, but violent outbursts of anger as well. Yet, speaking generally, even the severest critics of the Kaiser now admit that he has proved to be a monarch who is earnest, energetic and enthusiastic, far-seeing and passionately desirous of his people's well-being. And it is safe to say, therefore, that his former unpopularity is practically extinct.

As all the Emperor William's political actions have been reported and commented upon far and wide; again, as his views on naval and military matters are so far well known, I will not take these subjects into consideration in this article. That, however, will scarcely lessen the interest of English readers in him. For there are so many other matters, besides politics, army and navy affairs, to which he, one of the most versatile men of his time, has devoted so much special attention and made public his knowledge of, that, as a consequence, a great difficulty arises as to which subject should be selected for the purpose of illustrating his real self. But we may, first of all, turn our attention to his strenuous efforts on behalf of social reform—a question, the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. But it is well to point out that it is almost impossible to understand, at least adequately, the extent of his earnestness of purpose, strength of will, and the high principles that underlie his actions unless one surveys the whole history of social progress which has taken place during the last sixteen years, that is, since

the accession of the Emperor William to the throne. However, since exigencies of space do not permit of such a task being carried out, I trust, nevertheless, that the following characteristic points will certainly serve to illustrate his general aims in this direction.

As far back as October 22, 1888, the Kaiser in a speech with which he opened the Reichstag expressed himself somewhat to the following effect—"As a dear bequest of my grandfather, now resting in God, I undertake the task of continuing the social and political measures which he inaugurated." And, speaking on another occasion not very long afterwards, he said: "The welfare of the labouring classes lies close to my heart."

As a matter of fact, he had not to wait long for an opportunity to prove in a practical manner, as it were, his sympathies with and benevolent attitude towards the working classes. For, as will be easily recalled, very soon after he ascended the throne the miners employed in the collieries of the Ruhr district went on strike for higher wages—a course of action which, needless to say, had, for the time being, a most injurious effect on the industry of the whole country—and the Emperor, without much delay, consented to receive a deputation of the men. He addressed them in the following way—"Every subject, who considers that he has a grievance, naturally has the ear of the Emperor," thus intimating to the working classes as a whole that he was accessible to them, and then, reminding them of the hardships that the strike was the direct cause of, he urged them to return to their work, promising that their interests should receive his particular attention. Two or three days later a deputation of employers laid their case before him. In his reply, the Kaiser told them what he had said to the men, and then went on to beg of them to comply with some of the requests which the wage-earners had formulated, pointing out that it was only natural that the workers would try to obtain as much as they could for their labour, and that, as every one now-a-

¹ Copyright, by Dr. Louis Elkind, in Great Britain and the United States of America, 1904.

The Kaiser and his Chancellor

days read the newspapers and were thus made aware of the huge profits which came into the pockets of the capitalists, men went on strike because they believed that they were not receiving a fair share of the monetary product of their toil. These exhortations, thrown out in a skilful and diplomatic manner to both sides, were accompanied by immediate, and indeed excellent results. For a settlement of the dispute was soon arrived at, the consequence being that a grave industrial crisis was thus quickly averted.

From the historic point of view, it is interesting to record that there cannot be much doubt that it was this matter which suggested in the first instance to the German Emperor the desirability of calling together the State Council, which, under his presidency, met for the purpose of considering the best legislative means of ameliorating the condition of the working classes. And, further, that there was nothing haphazard about it may be gathered from the fact that several prominent labour leaders were made members of this Council. It is perhaps worthy of note that when the proceedings had terminated, one of the labour representatives gave expression in rough, but nevertheless convincing language, to a splendid eulogy of the Kaiser's fairness, sympathy, mental energy, and intimate acquaintance with things general, which one would have expected to lie outside the sphere of his interest altogether. Even here, however, the Kaiser did not stop. For it was he who was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the International Labour Conference. This, after prolonged and laborious preliminaries, was held, as will be remembered, in Berlin in 1890, and nearly every country in Europe was represented at it. It is true that, in accordance with strict etiquette, the Emperor himself did not take part in the deliberations of this International Conference on technical labour questions. But it was on all hands admitted that he displayed the utmost interest in its proceedings, invited the delegates to his Palace, heard their views, and gave them every encouragement. Consequently, when, soon afterwards (on June 20, 1890), he visited Krupp's works and said to the *employés*, "You know that my House has ever shown the greatest care for the working classes," his hearers gave an enthusiastic response.

That the Emperor William, strenuous

soldier though he is, is an earnest advocate and preserver of peace, is so far well known, and, therefore, nothing more need be said on this point than to quote the Kaiser's own words, namely—"Since my accession to the throne I have often meditated (on the consequences of war), and I know that the best use I can make of the position which I hold is to do all the good I can for the general welfare of mankind." Again, on another occasion, that is, in the course of an interview with an eminent French politician, when, as it is by no means unnatural, the conversation turned on the future possibilities of a Franco-German war, the Emperor said, "The man who tries to bring about a war is either a fool or a criminal."

It is, perhaps, quite obvious that a man who is so anxious to preserve peace should be interested in the encouragement of the arts and sciences, which invariably suffer in times of war. And, as far as scientific matters, generally speaking, are concerned, it can safely be said of the Kaiser what the Emperor William I. once said on a certain occasion in regard to his own person, that "the interest of science, which has characterised every Prussian King, is also alive in me." As a matter of fact, the Kaiser follows the progress of science in all its different branches with the closest attention, he has experimental lectures delivered to him by experts on all new, important inventions and discoveries; and he takes time and trouble to read, or at least to glance through, a considerable number of the newest scientific publications.

As regards literature, it is no exaggeration to say that he astonishes many of those people whom he comes in contact with, by his wide knowledge of modern and, of course, classical writers. He has read deeply and extensively, and he has, to put it briefly, fully digested his acquisitions. But he has another means, not, perhaps, generally known, of informing himself of what is going on in the world of letters. Every week on a certain day he entertains twenty people of eminence in various professions. These receptions are quite informal, being, in fact, of an entirely social and friendly character, and the Kaiser converses with each of his guests on the particular subject on which that person happens to be an acknowledged authority. It was once thought, and, indeed, the idea is not yet extinct, that these meetings



Photo by

WILHELM II., GERMAN EMPEROR

Reichard and Lindner

The Kaiser and his Chancellor

were, in reality, secret councils at which most important national and international affairs were discussed—an impression which, it is scarcely necessary to say, was, and is, totally erroneous. On at least one occasion the late Jules Simon was invited by the Kaiser to the weekly reception, and had the privilege of enjoying a long conversation with his Imperial host. He afterwards expressed his surprise at the Emperor's wide acquaintance with French literature, and, when asked how the Kaiser spoke French, replied, "The one of the two of us who spoke the purest French was he. He has no foreign accent. He speaks like a Parisian." Simon had not been conversing with the Emperor long when he discovered that his Majesty held very strong views against Zola. He ventured to offer some defence of his distinguished countryman. "I know," replied the Emperor, "that Zola has great mental qualities, but unhappily he does not owe his success in life to them, but to the immorality and dirt with which he has poisoned his writings. He is, however, the most popular of all literary men in France at the present time. He is the one who makes you enthusiastic, and for this reason people outside France not unnaturally judge somewhat severely the state of your morals." "But, your Majesty," said Simon,

"Zola is read in Berlin also." "Ah, yes," was the reply, "but not with pleasure, only from mere curiosity; and, moreover, his readers are but few here. In France, however, his novels are in the hands of every one. I hear that another work of his is to be published

soon which will probably be similar in character to the previous ones. In its presence, I suppose, all other novels will be lost sight of." From the fact that this conversation was made subsequently public, it may rightly be inferred that Simon himself had not much regard for Zola's writings, for otherwise he surely would not have published an account of it. In any case, the general opinion of Zola suffered considerably in Germany when it became known that the Emperor had spoken thus harshly of him, and it was only the great realist's noble intervention in the Dreyfus case that made him



well thought of by the German people.

Lastly, I come to the general affairs of the day, upon which also the Kaiser keeps himself thoroughly well informed. And he does this in no haphazard way. He has a special staff, at the head of whom is an experienced journalist, whose duty it is to examine all the important German and foreign newspapers and periodicals, and to cut from them all those items which are

The Kaiser and his Chancellor

likely to be of interest to the Emperor. This institute—the “literary bureau,” as it is officially called—is, on the other hand, under the direct supervision of the Prussian Home Office.

Thus the Kaiser is supplied every day with what is to all intents and purposes a rigorously edited newspaper, which contains the cream of the latest information that is to be derived from the world's Press, and we can be very sure that he does not fail to read it.

Rarely has a statesman entered into the *medias res* of public politics under circumstances such as those which prevailed when Count von Buelow became a member of the Cabinet. The effects of the mistakes which had been committed during Caprivi's Ministry had not been overcome, and the man who was at the head of affairs, Prince Hohenlohe, though a statesman of conspicuous ability in his best days, had almost lost touch with the times, and held views which were far from being in accordance with those of the public at large. Further, there was at that particular period a want of good understanding between the Prussian Diet and the Reichstag.

Such was the situation seven years ago, when—June 1897—the Emperor summoned Count von Buelow from Rome to Kiel and asked him to fill, temporarily, the place of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, for at the time von Marschall was on leave of absence. To cut a long story short, Count von Buelow's temporary control at the Foreign Office was made permanent within a few months of that date, and three years later, on the retirement of Prince Hohenlohe, he was, in addition, appointed German Chancellor.

If Count von Buelow were asked regarding the outcome, so far, of his Chancellorship, or, better still, of his seven years of office, it is likely that he would say that despite much bitter party conflict and want of success in some matters, excellent progress had been made in the great Imperial task—the greatest, undoubtedly, that any German statesman can devote himself to—of consolidating the Empire. What this means a small amount of reflection will help to show. The post of German Chancellor is beset with difficulties. Apart from the fact that a nation is always disposed to measure a man from the standard of some great predecessor—who in this particular

case is Bismarck—it is to be remembered that the confusion which existed in Germany for centuries has not yet altogether passed away. Though the Empire has now been established thirty-three years, there is still much rivalry and not a little selfishness between the various States, as, indeed, is likely to be the case for some years to come. But Count von Buelow has not only won the confidence of his Emperor, but also that of the allied Sovereigns, and, indeed, of the more intelligent classes of the whole country as well. Moreover, his diplomatic abilities are becoming more and more generally recognised. Bismarck used to say that he judged a diplomat not from his actual abilities but from his strength of character and the inflexibility of his principles—a view which can be applied to Count von Buelow with confidence.

The Chancellor's position has been more critical during the last twelve months than at any other time. The great success of the Social Democrats at the General Election, in 1903, was used as a weapon against him by his political opponents, and, for a while, with success. The sudden rising of the Hereros in South-West Africa at the beginning of 1904 has also in some quarters been made a matter of serious complaint. Then the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War was thought to be a turning-point in his career, for he was charged with want of knowledge of the real state of affairs previous to the declaration of hostilities. It is doubtless true that the German Government were not so well informed as the British—the accuracy of whose knowledge enabled them to make full preparations for the Tibetan expedition—but, then, the British and the Japanese are allies. At the same time, however, it has subsequently been shown that Count von Buelow and his fellow Ministers knew more than they were generally credited with. One by one these difficulties have been overcome by tact and foresight, and it can be said with certainty that at the present time no one is more of a *persona grata* with the Emperor than the Chancellor of the Empire.

Count von Buelow comes of a very old and noble family, which can be traced back to the twelfth century, and which has given soldiers and statesmen in plenty to the State. The Buelows are at present a very numerous family, and many of them occupy high positions. The Count began his diplomatic career just thirty years ago.

After Many Days

BY ALISON LOCKE

ON a hot afternoon in mid-August a man was walking along a flat, uninteresting country road. It was a day of still, intense heat. Not a cloud moved across the azure sky; not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the trees which stood few and far between along the roadside.

The man drew his hand across his brow with a gesture of weariness. The pitiless glare of the sun upon the white dusty road tired and dazzled his eyes. The hedges on either side were covered with fine dust, and their drab-coloured sameness offered no refreshment.

He was a man of about forty, and was dressed in neat but well-worn clothes. He had clear, steadfast eyes, and a certain nobility of bearing, which is sometimes seen in those who give themselves wholly to the achievement of some high purpose.

After walking about two miles further he came to a cross-road, and here he turned to the left, following the direction of a sign-post, on which was written, "To Brayton, One Mile." He was evidently nearing his journey's end, for he insensibly quickened his pace, and there was an expectant alertness in his step. For the first time he became aware of the lark's song.

Very soon the red-tiled roofs of Brayton appeared before him, standing out in bright relief against the dark foliage of the trees, which grew in little clumps about the place. On reaching the village he looked about him like one who views a scene familiar, yet strange, and he walked slowly down the main street until he came to a cottage which stood in a garden a little way back from the road. He hesitated for some moments, looking at the cottage, but at length he walked quickly up to the door and knocked.

It was opened by a young woman clad in a pale-blue print dress.

"Does Mrs. Pierpoint live here?"

His face was white as he asked the question, and his voice trembled a little.

"Yes. Did you particularly wish to see her?"

A look of joy and relief came into the man's face. "I am her son," he said simply. The girl started.

"Are you Cousin John? So you have come at last!" she said.

John Pierpoint stepped over the threshold, out of the heat and glare into the dim coolness of the little room.

The girl drew forward an armchair.

"How hot and tired you look," she said. "Your mother has gone to see a friend, but she will be home after tea."

John's eyes rested on her with pleasure as she moved about, bringing cups and saucers, and making her preparations.

"I suppose you are my cousin Lettice," he said. "How long is it since you came to live here?"

"I have been here for ten years, ever since Uncle John died."

"So my father has been dead ten years. I could not hope to find him alive," he said sadly. "And my mother! How is she?"

"She is wonderful! I think her brave spirit and the hope of your return have kept her from growing old. For she expects you! Not a day has passed since I came here but she has looked for you."

"For years I have looked forward to this day. It seems beyond belief that it has come at last," said John.

After tea he went into the garden. It was cooler now, a slight breeze had sprung up, and the mingled perfume of a hundred flowers filled the air with sweetness. For it was an old-fashioned garden; a delightful medley of scents and colours.

Lettice called to him from the house.

"Would you like to see your room?" she said. "It has always been ready for you."

He mounted the dark, narrow staircase, which led out of the sitting-room, and went into his old bedroom. The room was clean and bright and airy, as if a visitor were expected, and on a table by the window stood a vase of pink monthly roses.

Everything was just as he had left it long ago.

The white bed, the chest of drawers beside it, the pictures on the walls, were all in their accustomed places, and seemed to give him silent greeting.

Old memories rushed upon him.

The faint fragrance of the roses stirred his pulses like wine.

He walked about the room, taking up one thing, opening another, like a child put into a room full of delights, who, before

he has fully tasted the joy of one, discovers some new treasure.

He opened one of the drawers. In one corner was a letter addressed to his mother in his own handwriting.

It was evidently a much-thought-of letter, and often opened, for the envelope was falling to pieces, and was tied round with yellow ribbon. He drew out the letter and read it, feeling as if he were a stranger taking a liberty. One sentence was bracketed and underlined in pencil, as if the reader had found in it the crux of the whole letter. These were the words.

"I shall not come back until I have paid back every penny, and made full reparation for my sin; but, by God's help, and your faith in me, I shall come back to you—"

How much of the reader as well as the writer of it a letter sometimes reveals! What faith and constant love were disclosed by those pencil-marks and that worn envelope!

He put the letter back again, and gently closed the drawer. Then he walked to the window and looked out.

A little old woman was coming in at the garden gate. Her shoulders were rather bent, but her eyes were bright and eager, and the bloom had not left her cheek. She walked leisurely up the path, stopping now and then to pluck or smell a flower—she touched the flowers like one who loved them. Then she went into the house.

John Pierpoint stole to the head of the



"MOTHER!" HE SAID GENTLY

stairs. With a curious thrill he listened for the first sound of her voice; he had not heard it for twenty years! The sound came up to him, clear and sweet.

"Lettice! Have you put the flowers in his bedroom? Who knows but this may be the day!" John could restrain himself no longer, and in a moment he was in the room beside her.

"Mother!" he said gently, holding out his arms.

Lettice, who was looking at his mother, saw a little figure straightened all at once into youthfulness, and a face transfigured with the joy of satisfied love. Then she went out and softly closed the door.

John Wesley, Evangelist

BY THE REV. RICHARD GREEN

CHAPTER III.—COLLEGE LIFE

WITH a school exhibition of forty pounds per annum obtained at the Charterhouse, Wesley proceeded to Oxford, entering Christ Church as a commoner, on July 13, 1720. He had been preceded at Oxford by his brother Samuel, by his father, grandfather and great-grandfather, and by his mother's father.

Sad indeed is the picture of University life in the eighteenth century, as presented by our most trustworthy historians. If it were not wholly bad, and the worst accounts do not warrant such a supposition, though the gleams of light in the dark picture are but few, yet the University reflected the spirit of an age which by its heartlessness, its indifference, its frivolity—in one word,

its utter worldliness—was widely severed from the present one, so proud of its truth, its earnestness, its energy, and its high and noble aims.¹ Idleness, trifling, hard drinking, lewdness, gambling, were common. Crosse's words to his mother, often quoted, written a little later in the century, show what awaited the unsuspecting freshmen. "Oxford," he says, "is a perfect hell upon earth. What chance is there for an unfortunate lad, just come from school, with no one to watch and care for him—no guide? I often saw my tutor carried off perfectly intoxicated."² Happily Wesley was not without a guide. True it was an unseen, but not less a real one. His heart was held too firmly in his mother's hand for him to have been easily dragged downwards. Tyerman hesitates not to take a

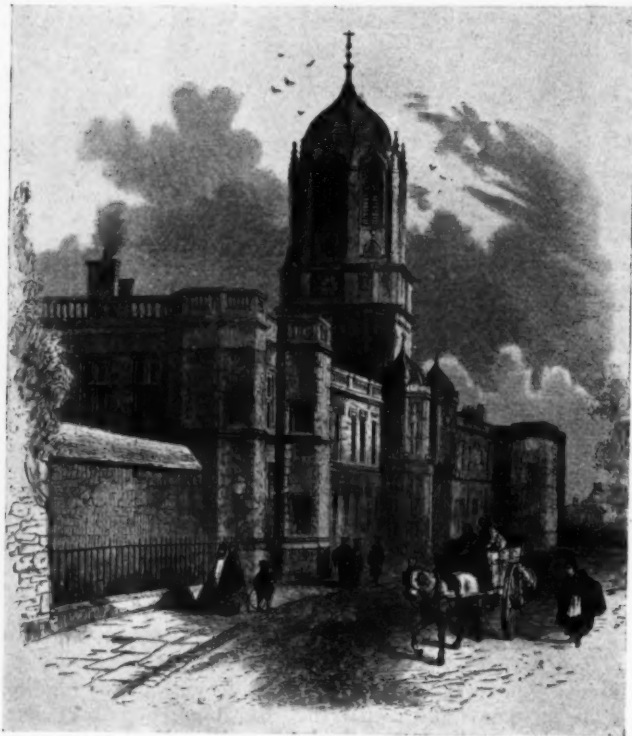
pessimistic view of Wesley's religious state during his early years at Oxford. But Tyerman was better at collecting facts than at drawing inferences from them.

There is absolutely not a whisper of any moral delinquency in Wesley. He was not an idler, as his progress showed, still less was he a profligate, or anything approaching it. He walked probably on the highest plane of Oxford life, far above the depth of immorality which characterised many of those around him. As to extravagance, he had not the means of indulging in it, if he were disposed so to do, even though the forty pounds of his exhibition be multiplied by four, as Overton suggests.

The term of Wesley's residence in Oxford may be separated into two distinct periods, of which the dividing line is his election

¹ J. R. Green, *Oxford Studies*

² *Ibid.*



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

(From an old print.)

John Wesley, Evangelist

to a Fellowship at Lincoln College, and his removal there. Of the earlier portion of the former period our information is but scanty, and we are left very much to conjecture.

A contemporary thus writes of him in 1724, when he was about twenty-one years of age—"He appeared the very sensible and acute collegian, baffling every one by the subtleties of logic, and laughing at them for being so easily routed, a young fellow of

he wrote an imitation of the 65th Psalm, which he sent to his father, who says, 'I like your verses on the 65th Psalm, and would not have you bury your talent.'" A letter to his brother Samuel at this time, frequently quoted, shows a sprightliness of style both in prose and verse, while a sentence reveals a tinge of sadness—"The two things which I most wished for of almost anything in the world, were to see my mother and Westminster once again;



THE EPWORTH BIBLE

Showing water stain and effects of fire. See *Leisure Hour* for Nov., p. 24.

the finest classical taste, of the most liberal and manly sentiments."¹ One of his earliest biographers, the friend of his later days, the Rev. Henry Moore, says, "His perfect knowledge of the classics gave a smooth polish to his wit, and an air of superior elegance to all his compositions. He had already begun to amuse himself occasionally with writing verses, though most of his poetical pieces of this period were either imitations or translations of the Latin. Some time in this year, however,

¹ S. Badcock, in *Westminster Magazine*, 1774.

and to see them both together was so far above my expectations, that I almost looked upon it as next to an impossibility. I have been so very frequently disappointed when I had set my heart on any pleasure, that I will never again depend on any before it comes."

At present he was apparently without any distinct purpose in life, and though there is every reason to believe that he was strictly moral, and free from any viciousness of temper or desire, yet so far there was no prominent indication of a serious settling

John Wesley, Evangelist

down to any great pursuit, nor any evidences of deep spirituality of character.

"If the tree is to be judged by its fruits," says Canon Overton, "Wesley's days at Charterhouse and Christ Church could not have been idly spent, for he carried with him an amount of mental culture which would compare favourably with that of some of the best specimens of these days of incessant examination. Mental culture, however, is one thing, spiritual growth another. There are abundant traces of the former, none of the latter, between his leaving Epworth and his last year at Christ Church."

Although his fees were made as light as possible, he seems to have been in frequent financial straits, from which he was occasionally relieved by the kindness of friends and by intermittent supplies from the often scanty store at home. He does not appear to have been in vigorous health in these earlier years of his college career. Such as he had, he preserved by temperance; for he tells us, "When I grew up, in consequence of reading Dr. Cheyne, I chose to eat sparingly and drink water. This was another great means of continuing my health, till I was about seven-and-twenty."—*Journal*, June 28, 1770. He names Dr. Cheyne's book to his mother in a letter dated Nov. 1, 1724.

Such was Wesley up to his twenty-first year. He thus speaks of himself—"Being removed to the University for five years, I still said my prayers both in public and in private, and read, with the Scriptures, several other books of religion, especially comments on the New Testament. Yet I had not all this while so much as a notion of inward holiness; nay, went on habitually and, for the most part very contentedly, in some or other known sin; indeed, with some intermissions and short struggles, especially before and after the holy communion, which I was obliged to receive thrice a year. I cannot tell what I hoped to be saved by now, when I was continually sinning against that little light I had; unless by those transient fits of what many Divines taught me to call repentance."¹

But better times were approaching, and though many years elapsed before Wesley attained rest and peace and Christian joy, yet from this time forward, and with accelerating earnestness, he sought the salvation which he had in view. A very

gracious change in his life and character now begins. Towards the close of 1724, being then in his twenty-second year, he began to think of entering into Deacon's orders, a step on which he expended much careful thought. Some doubts arising in his mind as to the motives which ought to influence him in taking Holy Orders, he frankly proposed them to his father, who, in his reply dated Jan. 26, 1725, after sundry advices, adds—

"But the principal spring and motive, to which all the former should be only secondary, must certainly be the glory of God, and the service of His Church in the edification of our neighbour. And woe to him who with any meaner leading view attempts so sacred a work." He then mentions the qualifications necessary, and adds, "You ask me which is the best commentary on the Bible. I answer the Bible itself. For the several Paraphrases and Translations of it in the Polyglot, compared with the original, and with one another, are, in my opinion, to an honest, devout, industrious and humble man, infinitely preferable to any comment I ever saw. But Grotius is the best, for the most part, especially on the Old Testament."¹

He hints that he thought it too soon for him to take Orders. His mother, however, took a different view. Writing in the course of the next month, she says—

"I think the sooner you are a Deacon the better, because it may be an inducement to greater application in the study of practical divinity, which of all other studies I humbly conceive to be the best for candidates for Orders." And she goes on to say, "The alteration of your temper has occasioned me much speculation. I, who am apt to be sanguine, hope that it may proceed from the operations of God's Holy Spirit, that by taking off your relish for earthly enjoyments, He may prepare and dispose your mind for a more serious and close application to things of a more sublime and spiritual nature. If it be so, happy are you, if you cherish those dispositions! And now, in good earnest, resolve to make religion the business of your life; for after all, that is the one thing that, strictly speaking, is necessary. All things besides are comparatively little to the purposes of life. I wish you would now enter upon a strict examination of yourself, that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have, the satisfaction of knowing it will abundantly reward your pains; if you have not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in a tragedy. This matter deserves great consideration by all, but especially by those designed for the ministry; who ought, above all things, to make their own calling and election sure, lest, *'after they have preached to others, they themselves should be cast away.'*"² Nothing could be more likely to move him to earnestness of purpose than such words from the pen of his dearly-loved and always honoured

¹ Whitehead, *Life of Wesley*, i. 385.

² Moore, i., 123-4.

¹ *Journal*, May 24, 1738.

John Wesley, Evangelist

mother. He began now to apply himself with diligence to the study of divinity. His father soon intimated that he had changed his mind, and was inclined to his taking Orders that summer. "But in the first place," says he, "if you love yourself or me, pray heartily." And again he wrote, "God fit you for your great work! Fast, watch, and pray; believe, love, endure, and be happy; towards which you shall never want the most ardent prayers of your affectionate father."¹

Of this period he writes, at a subsequent date—

"In the year 1725, being in the twenty-third year of my age, I met with Bishop Taylor's *Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying*. In reading several parts of this book, I was greatly affected; that part in particular which relates to purity of intention. Instantly I resolved to dedicate all my life to God, all my thoughts, and words and actions; being thoroughly convinced there was no medium; but that every part of my life (not some only) must either be a sacrifice to God, or myself, that is, in effect, to the devil. Can any serious person doubt of this, or find a medium between serving God and serving the devil?" He adds—"In the year 1726² I met with Kempis's *Christian's Pattern*. The nature and extent of inward religion, the religion of the heart, now appeared to me in a stronger light than ever it had done before. I saw that giving even all my life to God (supposing it possible to do this, and go no farther) would profit me nothing, unless I gave my heart, yea, all my heart to Him. I saw that 'simplicity of intention and purity of affection,' one design in all we speak or do, and one desire ruling all our tempers, are indeed 'the wings of the soul,' without which she can never ascend to the mount of God."

Another book to which his attention was drawn, and which became a great favourite with both the Wesleys in their Oxford days, was Scougal's *Life of God in the Soul of Man*. This it was that Charles Wesley put into Whitefield's hands soon after their first meeting, and of which Whitefield says that, "while reading in it that true religion was an union of the soul with God, or Christ formed within us, a ray of light divine instantly darted in upon my soul, and from that moment, but not till then, did I know that I must be a new creature. . . . Though I had fasted, watched and prayed, and received the sacrament so long, yet I never knew what true religion was, till God sent me that excellent treatise by the hands of my never-to-be-forgotten friend."³

¹ Moore, i., 133.

² *Plain Account of Christian Perfection*. There is a slight discrepancy here. The date given is 1726; but a letter to his mother, in which he asks for her opinion on the difficulties suggested to him in a Kempis, bears date 1725. As the *Plain Account* was written forty years after, in the midst of incessant labours, the error is not surprising.

³ Whitefield's early *Journal*.

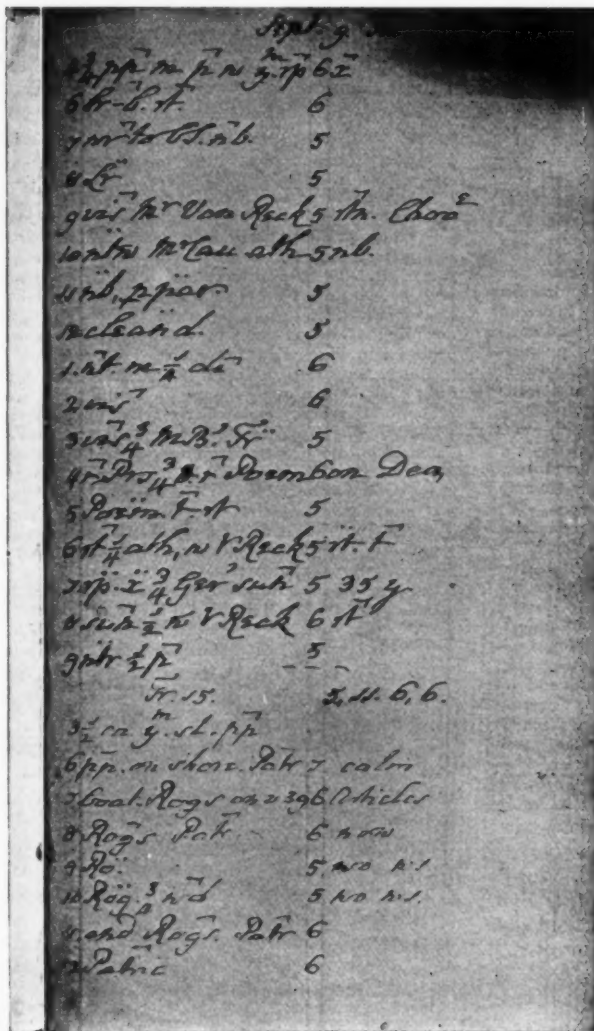
An incident occurred about this time, which has special interest as being the first recorded instance of that direct appeal to individuals on the subject of personal religion which he afterwards practised on every available opportunity and with such signal success. It is thus related by him—

"About a year and a half ago I stole out of company at eight in the evening with a young gentleman with whom I was intimate. As we took a turn in an aisle of St. Mary's Church, in expectation of a young lady's funeral, with whom we were both acquainted, I asked him if he really thought himself my friend; and if he did, why he would not do me all the good he could. He began to protest; in which I cut him short, by desiring him to oblige me in an instance, which he could not deny to be in his own power; to let me have the pleasure of making him a whole Christian, to which I knew he was at least half persuaded already; that he could not do me a greater kindness, as both of us would be fully convinced when we came to follow that young woman. He turned exceedingly serious, and kept something of that disposition ever since. Yesterday was a fortnight, he died of a consumption. I saw him three days before he died; and on the Sunday following, did him the last good office I could here, by preaching his funeral sermon; which was his desire when living."—Whitehead, i., 408.

Hitherto he seems to have waged a single-handed combat, and to have struggled manfully alone, cheered and counselled only by the helpful words from his distant home. But about this time he met with the inestimable benefit of a Christian friend, which, he says, he never had till now. Who this friend was has not been disclosed; but Wesley was so far encouraged that he says, "I began to alter the whole form of my conversation, and to set in earnest upon a new life. I set apart an hour or two a day for religious retirement. I communicated every week. I watched against all sin in word or deed. I began to aim at and pray for inward holiness." Added to this, in pursuance of an advice given by Bishop Taylor, he began to take a more exact account than he had done before of the manner in which he employed his time, writing down how he occupied every hour. His practice was to carry with him a small memorandum-book, in which a single page was assigned to each day, and a single line to each hour. By means of signs and contracted words he was enabled to record how every hour was spent from four o'clock in the morning, when he rose, to nine at night, when he retired. Several of these *diaries* have been preserved. A specimen page is given on the next page.

This he continued to do, wherever he was,

John Wesley, Evangelist



PAGE IN WESLEY'S PRIVATE DIARY IN GEORGIA, SEPT. 9, 1736

until he left England, ten years afterwards. Then, he tells us, the variety of scenes through which he passed induced him to transcribe, from time to time, the more material parts of his diary, adding here and there such little reflections as occurred to his mind. Both these series of memoranda were intended only for his own eye, but in 1739, after his return from Georgia, in order to vindicate himself from some aspersions on his character, made by a certain Mr. Williams, he published "extracts" from this journal, and at intervals of two or

130

three years, continued the practice to the end of his days. Twenty-one of these "extracts" were published; they form what is now so well known as *John Wesley's Journal*.

Wesley's progress thus far in Christian knowledge and character is definite and decided. Canon Overton remarks — "While thoroughly believing in the reality and importance of a later change, can any one deny that, from this time forward to the very close of his long life, John Wesley led a most holy, devoted life, aiming only at the glory of God, the welfare of his own soul, and the benefit of his fellow-creatures? and if that is not to be a good Christian, what is?" The question whether he was a Christian or not until the Aldersgate Street incident is a matter of definition. At the time when he affirmed himself not to be one, he knew as well as Overton, and better, what he meant by a Christian.

The time drew near when it was expected that the election of a Fellow of Lincoln College would take place, and his friends exerted themselves to secure it in his behalf.

Notwithstanding the opposition that was raised against him, his high character for learning and diligence was rewarded by success, and he was elected to the fellowship on Thursday, March 17, 1726.

His father very emphatically expressed his satisfaction in a letter of the 1st of April :

"I have both yours, since your election : in both you express yourself as becometh you." And then after referring to the difficulty he had in providing for the expenses of the election, he goes on to say—"What will be my fate before the summer be over, God knows; *sed passi graviora*—Wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln." And his mother tells him in her usual strain of piety, "I think myself obliged to return great thanks to

John Wesley, Evangelist

Almighty God for giving you good success at Lincoln. Let whoever He pleased be the instrument, to Him and to Him alone the glory appertains."¹

This election marks an important epoch in Wesley's career. He has already begun to seek in earnest the salvation of his soul, subjecting himself to severe discipline, and putting his whole conduct under the most rigorous control; thus laying the foundation of those habits of life which in him were afterwards so conspicuously illustrated. In this resolute purpose to promote his growth in goodness, he seized upon his removal from Christ Church to detach himself from some of the associations which were prejudicial to him. Reviewing this period of his life some years later, he says—

"Removing soon after (he had entered Holy Orders) to another college, I executed a resolution which I was before convinced was of the utmost importance—shaking off at once all my trifling acquaintance. I began to see more and more the value of time. I applied myself closer to study. I watched more carefully against actual sins; I advised others to be religious, according to that scheme of religion by which I modelled my own life. But meeting now with Mr. Law's *Christian Perfection* and *Serious Call*, although I was much offended at many parts of both, yet they convinced me more than ever of the exceeding height and breadth and depth of the Law of God. The light flowed in so mightily upon my soul, that everything appeared in a new view. I cried to God for help, and resolved not to prolong the time of obeying Him as I had never done before. And by my continued endeavour to keep His whole Law, inward and outward, to the utmost of my power, I was persuaded that I should be accepted of Him, and that I was even then in a state of salvation."²

This very significant passage shows the depth of Wesley's purpose to reform his whole life and to bring it, as far as he was able, into entire accord with the Divine will. The fervour of his appeal for Divine help in this, and the carefulness with which he endeavoured to regulate his outer conduct, are also evident. Nor must the fact of his coming into contact for the first time with the writings of William Law be overlooked, considering their influence upon his future views and his subsequent relations to their author. At an early period he published carefully prepared abridgments of the *Christian Perfection* and the *Serious Call*.

He received helpful and stimulating letters from his father. In one he exhorts his son to master St. Chrysostom and the

¹ Moore. Several letters written to Wesley by his father at this period are given by Tyerman in *Life and Times of Samuel Wesley*.

² *Journal*, May 28, 1738.

25. 1740
4 1/2 ~ (V 5 1/4 ~ Dea. 1; 1 6 1/4 || 1/2 xhd
6 Jon Rivers 2 9 1/2 16. v. g. 1 9 1/2 || 1 1/2 ~
10 } ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
3. 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
5 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
2 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
26
4 1/2 ~ (V Mark 10. 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
9 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
12 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
4 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
5 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
27
4 1/2 ~ (V Mark 10. 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
10 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
3 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
6 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
28
4 1/2 ~ (V Mark 10 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
11 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
12 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
3 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
5 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~
9 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~ 1 1/2 ~

SPECIMEN OF WESLEY'S SHORTHAND DIARY

Articles, and the Form of Ordination; to bear up stoutly against the world, etc., to keep a good, an honest, and a pious heart, and to pray hard and watch hard. In another his father intimates that he had designed an edition of the Bible in octavo, in Hebrew, Chaldee, Septuagint and Vulgate, and, desiring his son's assistance, says—"What I desire of you is, first that you would immediately fall to work, and read diligently the Hebrew text in the

John Wesley, Evangelist

Polyglot, and collate it exactly with the Vulgate, writing all even the least variations between them. To these I would have you add the Samaritan text. . . . The alphabet whereof you may learn in a day's time. . . . In twelve months' time, sticking close to it in the forenoons, you will get twice through the Pentateuch; for I have done it four times the last year, and am going over it the fifth. . . . Nor shall you lose your reward for it, either in this or the other world."—Clarke's *Wesley Fam'ly*, i., 296.

Wesley had allowed his hair, which was of a light brown colour, to grow sufficiently long to reach to his shoulders. His mother advised him on the ground of health to have it cut. Writing to his brother Samuel he says—"My mother's reason for my cutting off my hair, is because she fancies it prejudices my health. As to my looks, it would doubtless mend

my complexion to have it off, by letting me get a little more colour, and perhaps it might contribute to my making a more genteel appearance. But these, till ill-health is added to them, I cannot persuade myself to be sufficient grounds for losing two or three pounds a year. I am ill enough able to spare them." Five years after he wrote—"As to my hair, I am much more sure that what this enables me to do is according to the scripture, than I am that the length of it is contrary to it."¹ His brother Samuel took a middle path, and advised him to have it cut *shorter*; and this advice he followed. In the former letter he asserts what his whole after life confirmed—"Leisure and I have taken leave of one another; I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me."

¹ Dr. Priestley. *Original Letters by the Rev. John Wesley and his Friends*. Birmingham, 1791.

(To be continued.)

Spirit Rapping in 1667

THE following curious illustration of country credulity and superstition upwards of two centuries ago is taken word for word from a private letter of the above date, which by some means or other has found a resting-place among the State Papers of the Restoration period, now preserved in the Public Record Office. People's minds were doubtless in a troubled state after the Plague in 1665 and the Great Fire of 1666.

"The report of a strange disturbance in the house of Mr. John Mompesson, a Justice of Peace at Tidworth in Wiltshire. [He] invited me thither to satisfy myself of the certainty of the relation, and from the gentleman's own mouth, in the presence of his family and several neighbours, who had been frequent witnesses of most of the passages he related, I had this account:—

"That about May last he took a drum from an idle vagrant, who wandered about the country with a counterfeit pass. Soon after which piece of justice upon the drummer, a great noise was heard in the night upon the outside of his house, when himself was from home. But search being made, nothing could be found that they

could suspect for the cause; and the first night after he was returned, there was a very violent bouncing at the door, upon which he armed and went down, but could find nothing. As soon as he was in bed again, the noise seemed over his head, and for several nights after 'twas heard like a drum without the house, which by degrees would remove upwards into the air till 'twas out of hearing. But at last it came in, knocking with great violence in the room where the whole household was; yea, when it was full of neighbours, it would play its tricks in the midst of them. It would drum all kind of lessons, and usually began with *Roundheads and Cuckolds*; yea, it would answer to anything any in the room should beat. Only once 'twas puzzled with a new tune, but after long blundering at last it hit it, and then that night 'twould beat no other lesson. It would make the chairs, tables, trunks, and all movables walk up and down the rooms, and often come tumble down the stairs, sometimes like a bowl, and other times as if it drew a chain after it. It would contest with the serving-man, pluck his clothes from him and throw things at his head; but still

Spirit Rapping in 1667

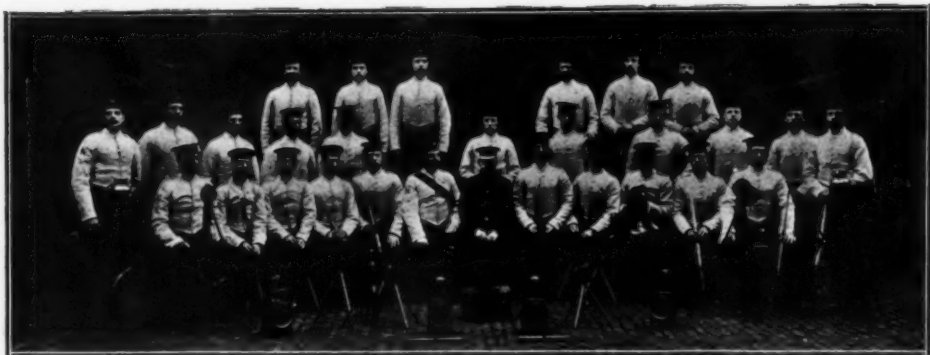
when he took his sword it was gone. One night he got a smith that lived in the town to lie with him, and when they were in bed, they heard a noise as if a horse had been shoeing in the room; after which something comes as with a pair of pincers and snips at the poor smith's nose all the night long, as if it would have used him as St. Dunstan the D[evil] once. It snatched a candle lighted out of the serving-man's hand, which was never heard of after. It took one of the maids by the hand, and had like to have plucked her out of bed. On the 5 of November last, it was more boisterous than usually, and filled the house with so sulphurous and pestilential a smell that the family could hardly endure it. Being bid, if it were the drummer sent it, to knock 5 times and stop, it did so; and for confirmation 7, and no more that night; it knocked so many times that night and was quiet the whole night after. Sometimes a voice would be heard about the house repeating 'a witch, a witch.' It seemed very much to dread a sword or pistol, and therefore since Mr. Mompesson hath talked of shooting, it hath taken shelter in bed with the children. There it was at the time of my being at Tidworth. That night the children were no sooner in bed, but it was come; of which notice being given below, we went up into the chamber. It first discovered itself in scraping behind the pillow. I being near thrust my hand into the place from whence the noise seemed to come, upon which it ceased, till I had withdrawn it; and then it returned as before. It answered me in scraping as it had done others in knocking, and having continued at that trade half-an-hour, it descended into the midst of the bed, and there fell to panting like a spaniel dog, which it did so violently, that it bore up the clothes and shook the room under us. I put my hand upon the place where it seemed to be, and it bore up so strongly against it as if somebody had thrust against me. The children use to feel it under them, sometimes like an eel, and other times like a bowl, which seems to make a hole and pass through the bed. After the panting the house was some nights filled with a very strong and loathsome smell, insomuch that the chamber was hot with it, though in the greatest extremity of the frost. It usually leaves the house about the middle of the night, and returns again towards the morn-

ing. The drumming had ceased about a week, when a couple of gentlemen came to the house, who used to employ the drummer, and were merrily saying that they should take it unkindly if it gave not them a lesson. And they were no sooner in bed, but the gentleman was come with his drum to visit them. It beat up the 5 points of war in their chamber, and left them to their rest. It useth to have frequent references to things said or done in the day, whereby they understand 'tis commonly about the house. An old gentlewoman, mother to the Justice, was saying that it would do well now and then to leave some money to pay for the trouble of its disturbance, and the next night the house seemed to be full of money which was telling in every corner; but nothing was left in the morning but the remembrance of the cheat. There are many other passages which I might relate, as its making the bedstaves play in the midst of a room by themselves, its laying a Bible in the chimney and covering it with ashes, its throwing a bed-staff at a minister while he was at prayers in the house, and several such odd tricks, which I have either forgotten or am loth to trouble you with. Since I was there, I hear it hath been more boisterous than before, and sometimes comes in all sorts of music. When I have learnt the certainty, I'll give you a further account."

To the foregoing may be added a brief extract from a letter written by R. Hope to Joseph Williamson, Secretary to Lord Arlington, and afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson, the famous Secretary of State. The letter is dated at Coventry, on Feb. 29, 1667-8.

"Here is much discourse of a strange well at Oundle in Northamptonshire, wherein has been heard by many a kind of drumming, in manner of a march for the most part, and is said to be very ominous, having been heard heretofore, and always precedes some great accident. I wrote to the town for an account of it, from whence I was informed of the certain truth of it; that it beat for about a fortnight the latter end of the last month and the beginning of this; and in the very same manner was heard before the King's death, the death of Cromwell, the King's coming in, [and] the fire of London. This I had from a good hand, an inhabitant there. The well is in the yard of one Dobbs."

ERNEST G. ATKINSON.



THE SIGNALLERS, THIRD SCOTS GUARDS

Tower of London.

The Scots Guards

IT is the duty of every soldier to guard his country, but a few regiments are entrusted with, theoretically speaking, a more important charge than their fellows, in that their especial duty is to guard the chief of the State himself. To

these regiments is given the title of "The Guards" *par excellence*, the Guards of the person of the Sovereign. In the British Army they are called collectively the Household Brigade, which is made up of the following regiments:—the 1st and 2nd



PIPERS, SECOND SCOTS GUARDS

The Scots Guards

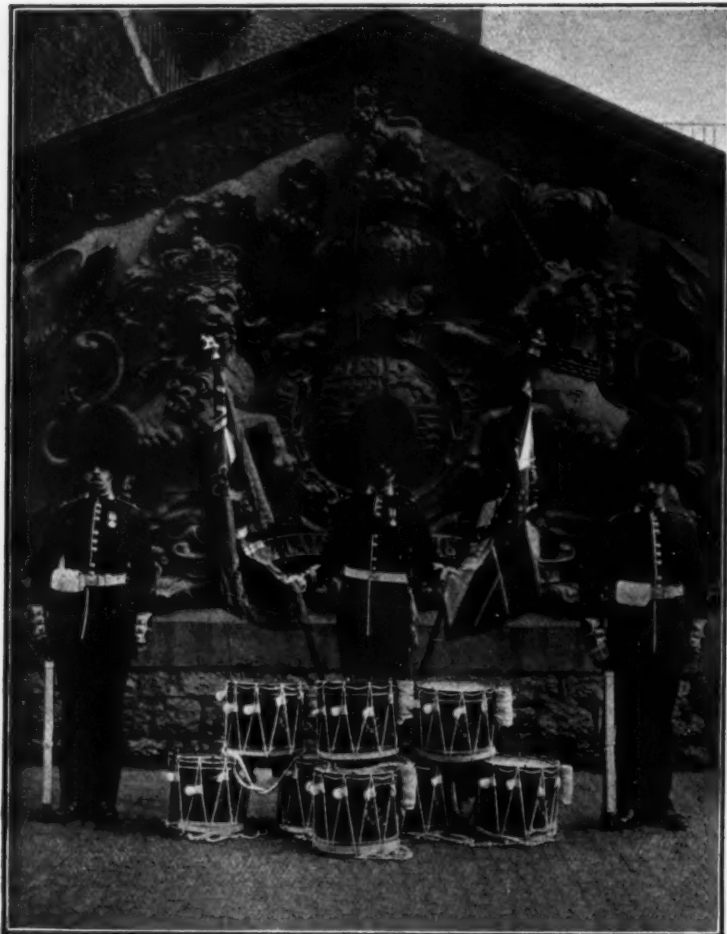


CHANGING GUARD, SECOND SCOTS GUARDS



GUARD-ROOM: GUARD IN WINTER CLOTHING, SECOND SCOTS GUARDS

The Scots Guards



COLOURS AND ESCORT, THIRD SCOTS GUARDS

(Coat of Arms, Tower of London.)

Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, the Grenadier Guards, the Scots Guards, the Coldstream Guards, and, in 1900, as a reward for loyalty in South Africa, was formed the youngest of them, the Irish Guards.

It is with the Scots Guards that we are concerned here; and a stirring tale the "Jocks"—that is their nickname—have to tell of themselves. Their archives have most unfortunately suffered by fire, but there is little need to search far for the records of a regiment which bears thirteen "honours" on its colours—Dettingen (1743), Lincelles, Egypt (1801), Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, Sevastopol, Egypt (1882),

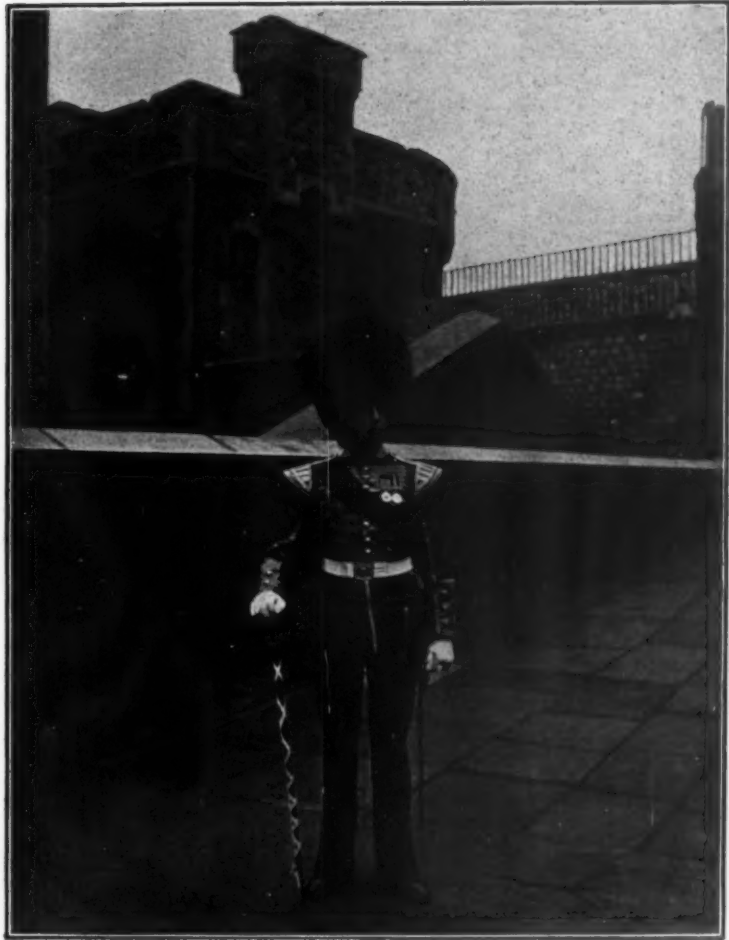
Tel-el-Kebir and Suakim. They have carried their Thistle badge and Scottish Lion into many a stormy scene of war. Those wild Scots of the olden days were handier men with their claymore than with the spade, and this is little wonder, for the digging of unproductive Highland bogs was a slow way of earning a "living wage" compared with a successful raid into the next Glen after their neighbours' cattle. But the raiding required a keen eye and a brave heart and any amount of muscle to back them up; so the law that the fittest survive made the Scotch peasant a fighting man of the first class; there was no room for weaklings in a Highland Clan; the man of brains had not much

success in the battles which were fought at the point of the sword. To-day it is different, for the hand is of less importance than the head since Gatling guns were invented. Still, the most scientific of generals will never win his battles unless he has brave soldiers; and if a good record in the past is any inspiration to great deeds in the future, then the Scots Guards should be brave indeed.

The regiment was first founded in Scotland by the Earl of Linlithgow in the year 1660, but it remained merely a local body until James II. ordered it to march to London. He was anxious to overawe his murmuring people, who showed signs of

The Scots Guards

reminding him that Stuart kings had not been restored to the English throne except on terms of strictly good behaviour. But James mended not his manners, and was sent on his travels as his brother had been. So it happens that we find the Scots Guards first distinguishing themselves under the leadership of a Hanoverian king. This was at Dettingen in 1743, where the Guards did their work so well that the French expressed their feelings in words which have become historic—*"sauve qui peut"*—and acted accordingly. In the year 1793 the kings of Europe declared war on the people of France, who had just found it necessary to deal in a most



DRUM-MAJOR, THIRD SCOTS GUARDS (TOWER OF LONDON)



MUSKETRY: "PRESENT!" SECOND SCOTS GUARDS

The Scots Guards

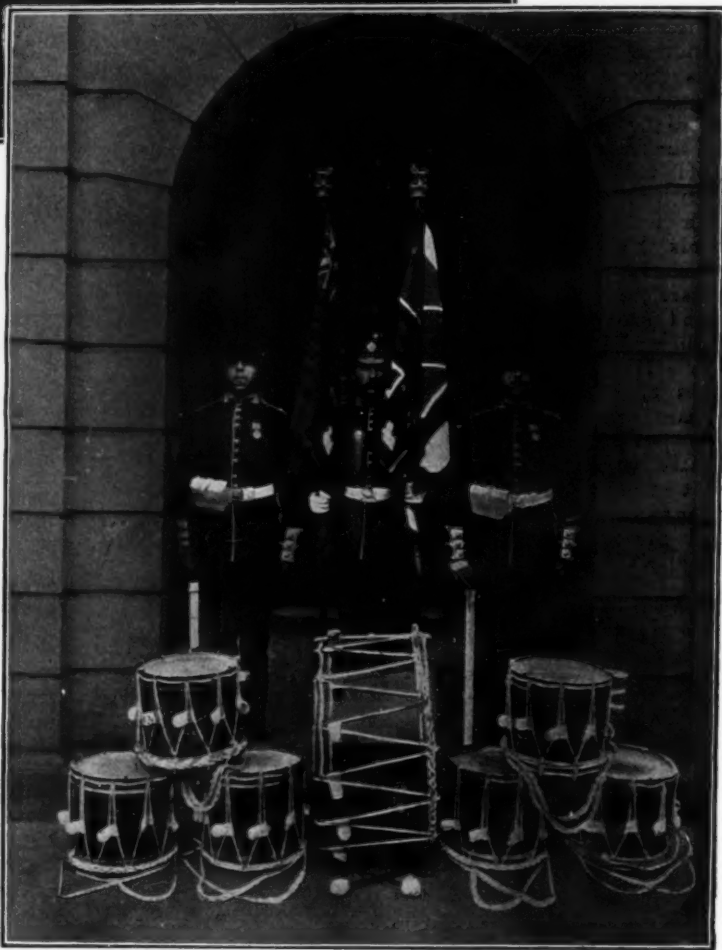


SIGNALLERS, SECOND
SCOTS GUARDS

unpleasantly firm manner with a king and nobles who did not know their business as rulers. This method of reform—always a trouble-some word to kings and rulers—set the rest of Europe agog with somewhat anxious sympathy, and we regretfully find our Guards at Lincelles, fighting against the new French Republic.

The next "honour" was won in Egypt under Abercromby, who crushed the army which Napoleon had been compelled to leave behind when he himself was summoned to France by its

urgent danger. During the years 1809-14 the Scots Guards were in the Spanish Peninsula, working so brilliantly that they have honours for the whole period. Napoleon had been dealt with in the East, but that only gave him the keener desire for conquests elsewhere.



THE COLOURS AND ESCORT, SECOND SCOTS GUARDS

The Scots Guards



MAXIM GUN, SECOND
SCOTS GUARDS

He proclaimed his brother Joseph King of Spain, but it would have been wiser to have gained the people before the mere title. The Portuguese and Spaniards rose in revolt, and appealed for British help, and Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, was sent to their aid. Napoleon was called to Austria in much the same way that he had been called from Egypt, so Soult was in command instead of his master. The battle of Talavera was a day of dearly-bought triumph for the Scots Guards. Wellesley



AS THEY JOIN—WHAT WE MAKE THEM: SECOND SCOTS GUARDS

The Scots Guards



DRUMMER BOY, THIRD SCOTS GUARDS

was advancing on the French under Marshal Victor at Talavera, on the banks of the river Tagus. The French tried to stop their enemy by a brilliant rushing attack, but the steady reserve of the British fire until the foe had almost closed annihilated their ranks. It would have been well if they had restrained their ardour when at last the French turned in retreat; unfortunately the Guards pursued beyond all reason; the French reserves

closed in, and their artillery riddled the Guards until six hundred were dead. Thus were, almost uselessly, thrown away six hundred lives out of a total loss of about eight hundred; and when the victory was won Wellesley felt it impossible to follow it up by a further advance. The French were in front, overwhelmingly strong, and the Spanish Government refused to give us proper support; there was nothing for it except withdrawal into Portugal again. In spite of Spanish indecision and protracted starvation, the field of Barossa added another "honour" to the colours of the regiment. It was "fight or surrender," and Graham of the House of Montrose chose fighting. Over three thousand men were killed or wounded in less than two hours; the French then retired, but the Spaniards would do nothing to drive home the victory.

Their next day of "honour" was at Waterloo—though many a victory they helped to gain since Barossa—at Burgos, Badajoz and Bayonne, to mention some by name. At Waterloo, the key to Wellington's position was the farm of Hougomont, and it was the Scots Guards—the 3rd Foot Guards as they were then called—who held this key. The names of Colonels Hepburn and Macdonell and Sergeant Graham remind us that the regiment was Scotch by blood as well as by name: it was the same



SERGEANTS-IN-WAITING, SECOND SCOTS GUARDS

The Scots Guards



SOUNDING THE CALL, SECOND SCOTS GUARDS

spirit and muscle that held Hougoumont



SERGEANT-MAJOR AND DRILL SERGEANT
(Third Scots Guards.)

that kept the Highlands of the older time in a turmoil of raids and cattle-lifting. In despair, Napoleon gave up the attack on the extreme right at Hougoumont, and threw his force on the left at La Haye Sainte.

With the exception of three years in Portugal in 1826-28, the Scots Guards did nothing of importance until the Crimean War. Their long rest had brought vigour instead of deterioration, and three new "honours" were added to their list at Alma, at Inkerman and Sevastopol. And the glory they won was gained in the old Scottish manner—by their pluck and



TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA, SECOND SCOTS GUARDS

The Scots Guards



THE COOKS, SECOND SCOTS GUARDS

wild dash. The heights of Alma were won by soldiers' fighting, not by generals' scheming.

It is a long gap in the regimental history which takes us on to the Egyptian War of 1882, when Tel-el-Kebir was added to the "honours"; but it was child's play after

another name for their colours; not because they were braver men than their Dervish foes—that was impossible—but because an African spear is useless against a Gatling gun. And the doings of this regiment in South Africa are almost news of the day.

the Crimea, and the Scots Guards have not won another "honour" only at the cost of four men wounded. Their foes were of poor metal, and, indeed, who could have expected the Egyptian soldier to stand a British charge, when every one of his officers had determined to run, but "hoped his neighbour would stay," as Royle puts it in describing the campaign. It was the Guards who formed one of the squares at Suakim, and won

Literary Reminiscences of Nottingham

BY J. A. HAMMERTON

I

IT would be difficult to name any considerable town in England where there appears to be less interest taken in literature than is shown by the inhabitants of Nottingham. In many ways the pleasantest of all the large cities to live in, its intellectual atmosphere is so rarefied that one may doubt its existence. The making of money and the spending of it on common pleasures seem to be the chief ambitions of the great mass of Nottingham's population, rich and poor alike being devoted to all forms of sport; a cup-tie football match, a cricket engagement, often dislocating the business of the town. But at all times Nottingham has had some leaven of intellectuality, and perhaps at no

time so much as at the present, for which we may thank the influence of its University College. Moreover, the town, for all its callous disregard of literary culture, has many associations with the craft of letters. At least one classic and another work which touches greatness are identified with Nottingham. Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson's *Memoirs* of her husband, Colonel Hutchinson, who was governor of the town, is one of the most important contributions to the contemporary literature of the Commonwealth and assuredly a classic of English biography, while Philip James Bailey's *Festus* was at one time thought by even our greatest men of letters to rival *Paradise Lost*; and did not Tennyson say of the poet,

Literary Reminiscences of Nottingham

"while he himself was but a wren beating about a hedgerow, the author of *Festus* was like an eagle soaring to the sun"? These are but two of the names which occur in the literary chronicles of Nottingham, and to keep them company we have those of Byron, Kirke White, William and Mary Howitt, Robert Millhouse, and others of less note.

When it chanced that my vocation as a newspaper editor took me to this quaint old city of the green Midlands for a year or two, my first ambition was to make the acquaintance of Philip James Bailey, whose *Festus* had been one of my earliest literary loves, and it was my good fortune to enjoy some intercourse with that poet, whom I shall still venture to esteem one of the greatest of that bright band of authors who enriched the literature of the early Victorian period. I remember his telling me that he had been one of those who went to see the coffin of Lord Byron when it lay in state at Nottingham, on July 16, 1824, just seventy-eight years before Bailey himself passed away. In Mary Howitt's *Autobiography* there are many references to Byron, and her letters often disclose her anxiety to admire the poet while condemning the man, though it is curious that so deeply religious a woman could ever have been so tolerant of this wayward genius. At news of his death she says: "I wept, for my heart was full of grief to think that fine eccentric genius, that handsome man, the brave asserter of the rights of the Greeks, and the first poet of our time, he whose name will be mentioned with reverence and whose glory will be uneclipsed when our children will have passed to dust, to think that he lay a corpse in an inn in this very town. Oh! Anna, I could not refrain from

tears." She then goes on to describe the passage of the funeral *cortège* on its way by road from London to the burial-place of the Byrons at the little town of Hucknall Torkard, about seven miles north of Nottingham.

The Howitts were among those who went to the "Blackamoor's Head," where the coffin lay during the evening of its arrival in the town. "The crowd was immense," she says. "I shall never forget it. The room was hung with black, with the escutcheons of the Byron family on the walls; it was lighted by six immense wax candles



Photo by

HUCKNALL TORKARD CHURCH

H. Jackson

(The burial-place of Lord Byron. Seven miles from Nottingham.)

placed round the coffin in the middle of the room. The coffin was covered with crimson velvet, richly ornamented with brass nails; on the top was a plate engraved with the arms and titles of Lord Byron. At the head of the coffin was placed a small chest containing an urn, which enclosed the heart and brains. Four pages stood two on each side. Visitors were admitted by twelves, and were to walk round only; but we laid our hands on the coffin. It was a moment of enthusiastic feeling to me. It seemed to me impossible that that wonderful man lay actually within that coffin. It was more like a dream than a reality." This demonstration, however, had a political significance to the vast majority of those

Literary Reminiscences of Nottingham

who took part in it, for it was Byron the Whig that the crowd turned out to honour, and the Tory gentry contemned by staying away. When the procession, in which the Howitts joined, was resumed next morning, "there was not one gentleman who would honour our immortal bard by riding two miles in his funeral train." Indeed it would seem to have been the lowest elements of the community that joined together to make Byron's funeral a display of vulgar rowdyism, and there must have been few who, like the Howitts, could suppress all feeling towards the man in their admiration of the poet and follow his remains in such motley company. The inn at which his coffin rested stood at the corner of Pelham Street and High Street, and a few years ago a considerable part of the building still remained in the occupation of a tea merchant, but it has recently been removed, and an important literary landmark has thus disappeared.

Byron's connexion with Nottinghamshire, however, was so intimate during most of his life in England, that the town and district are still rich in associations with his name. Only two or three hundred yards higher up Pelham Street, at a place then known as Swine Green, he lived with his mother at the town house of the Byrons when a boy, and attended school near by, at 30, Lower Parliament Street, though both of these houses have been pulled down. His first language tutor was one Dummer Rogers, who lived at Hen Cross, a stone's

throw from the residence of Mrs. Byron, who, as readers of the poet's biography will remember, stayed in Nottingham chiefly in the hope that a person named Lavender, roundly denounced as an ignorant quack by Thomas Moore and others, might cure him of his club-foot. This Lavender was, I have found, "truss-maker to the general hospital," and may not have been so complete a charlatan as we have been led to suppose. Later, when the lad was study-

ing at Dulwich Academy, he resided with his mother during the vacation of 1799 in a house which still stands in St. James's Street, on the south of the Market-place, and is known to this day as Newstead House. His name appears in the local directory of that year, thus — "Byron, Right Hon. Lord, at Mr. Gill's, St. James's Lane," the thoroughfare having been later elevated to the dignity of a street, although it is still a mere alley. After 1799 Mrs. Byron does not appear to have been in residence in Nottingham for



HENRY KIRKE WHITE

From a portrait by J. Hoppner, R.A.

(By permission of Committee of Nottingham Museum and Art Gallery.)

any length of time until 1803, when, returning from Bath, Moore tells us that she went into "lodgings" in the town; but the probability is that she returned to the old mansion-house on Swine Green. Byron, now at Harrow, spent the vacation of this year with his mother at Nottingham. It was at this time that he became friendly with Lord Grey de Ruthyn, then renting Newstead Abbey, who gave the youth every facility for enjoying the attractions of his ancestral home. It was also in 1803 that

Literary Reminiscences of Nottingham

frequent visits to Annesley Hall, in the vicinity, gave birth to his affection for Mary Chaworth, the "Mary" of "The Dream," an episode which coloured much of his poetry. By 1804 Mrs. Byron had removed to Southwell, and Byron never resided in the county town again. Newstead Abbey, about nine miles to the north of Nottingham, is, of course, the chief centre of Byronic interest, and thanks to the loving care and exquisite taste

of the late W. F. Webb, for many years its owner, it is a veritable treasure-house of priceless relics; while the poet's grave at Hucknall, when I visited it some years ago, bore as many evidences of neglect as the Abbey did of care.

Contemporary with Byron and still more closely associated with Nottingham was the young poet, Henry Kirke White. It would be impossible to put side by side the names of two men more incompatible in character than these, and it is something to Byron's credit that he admired the young writer who was as fervently religious as he was himself opposed to orthodoxy. Byron stoutly maintained that White had genius, and ranked him next to Chatterton, saying, "for my own part I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance; his very prejudices were respectable." The birthplace of White is perhaps the most interesting of Nottingham's historic houses, and it is characteristic of the town that his memory is enshrined in the name of a little public-house which occupies part of the old cottage where he was born. This stands in Exchange Alley on the east of the Market-place, and oddly enough the building is also occupied in part by a butcher's shop, as it was so long ago as 1785, in the March of which year Henry Kirke White was born here, his father having been a butcher, and the lad himself at one time an errand-boy in his father's employ. White was essentially an infant prodigy. His passion for letters



Photo by Baker, Nottingham

BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE, EXCHANGE ALLEY, NOTTINGHAM

began when he was only six years of age, and Southey in his biography thus summarises the extraordinary list of his boyhood's attainments: "The law was his first pursuit, to which his papers show he had applied himself with such industry as to make it wonderful that he could have found time, busied as his days were, for anything else. Greek and Latin were the next objects; at the same time he made himself a tolerable Italian scholar, and acquired some knowledge both of the Spanish and Portuguese. His medical friends say that the knowledge he had obtained of chemistry was very respectable. Astronomy and electricity were among his studies; some attention he paid to drawing, in which it is probable he would have excelled. He was passionately fond of music, and could play very pleasingly by ear on the pianoforte, composing the bass to the air he was playing; but this propensity he checked, lest it might interfere with more important objects. He had a turn for mechanics, and all the fittings-up of his study were the work of his own hands."

White's poems appeared in the *Monthly Mirror* without attracting much attention, until he collected them into a little book in the hope of raising money to take him to college. Despite a somewhat brutal criticism in the *Monthly Review*, he found friends who assisted him to become a sizar at St. John's, Cambridge. But here he overtaxed

Literary Reminiscences of Nottingham

his frail vitality and died within five months of his twenty-second birthday, his remains being interred at Cambridge. White's poetry is, for the most part, charged with a deep vein of melancholy, but its religious fervour made it at one time highly popular among Nonconformists. His "Clifton Grove" is perhaps the best remembered of his longer pieces, and contains a spirited and sympathetic picture of that beautiful spot on the outskirts of Nottingham. In Wilford Church, close by the scene of his poem, a marble medallion and a stained-glass window perpetuate the memory of the "visionary boy," who loved to wander among the sylvan beauties of the neighbourhood.

Another Nottingham poet who had very little of White's genius, but whose life story was as sad, though in a strangely different way, was born three years later, in the person of Robert Millhouse. No one to-day reads anything that Millhouse wrote, his name is to be found only in the comprehensive pages of the *National*

Dictionary of Biography; yet he was a man touched with true poetic feeling, and limited only by lack of education. Hone in his *Table Book* made a generous appeal for Millhouse at a time when the poet was in dire poverty. And his later years had at least a little of the comfort which most of his life had lacked. His only education had been received during a short attendance at a Sunday school, and it was the reading of Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope that led him to verse-making when he was a militiaman, his first verses having been sent to the *Nottingham Review* in 1814, when he was twenty-six years of age. In "Sherwood Forest and Other Poems" he displays remarkable facility, especially for the sonnet form, and a true feeling for nature; but perhaps "The Song of the Patriot" was the most successful of his productions. Millhouse never attained beyond the condition of the working class in which he had been born, and, dying in 1839, one may assert with confidence that no more than a few score of the present citizens of the town he loved are acquainted with his history.

Thomas Miller, a protégé of Lady Blessington and of Samuel Rogers, lived in Nottingham in his earlier life, making baskets and writing verses and stories. His place of business was in Swan Yard, off Long Row. But when he was twenty-eight he settled in London and had a fairly prosperous career as bookseller and author until his death in 1874. The two least forgotten of his forty-five books are *Royston Gower* and *Gideon Giles*, both novels which I confess I have never read.

The name of yet another Nottingham poet carries us back to the early years of last century, and it is remarkable to think that one whose fame belonged in great measure to a past generation should have lived into the third year of the present century. Philip James Bailey was born in Nottingham on April 22, 1816, his father being Thomas Bailey, who was for many years editor and proprietor of the *Nottingham Mercury*, and wrote, in *The Annals of Nottinghamshire*, one of the most valuable contributions to the history of that historic county. Thomas Bailey, himself something of a poet, encouraged his son's taste for literature in every way.



ROBERT MILLHOUSE

(From a sketch in Hone's *Table Book*.)

(To be continued.)



ENTRANCE TO PETTY HARBOUR, A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING VILLAGE

BY P. T. MC'GRATH

A WAY off in the broad Atlantic lies the island of Newfoundland, the centre of the greatest and most prolific fisheries ever known to the world.

A scant 200,000 souls squat on the rugged coastline, its interior is practically untraversed. In these opening days of the twentieth century its people ply the calling their forefathers followed three hundred years ago. Marine pursuits are the mainstay of the region, and inland enterprises are only in embryo.

When Nature formed the land and sea, and poured the silver ocean into the hollow between the hemispheres, she flung out into the waste of waters this mighty mass of rampant rock, the refuse of her daintier fashionings. Piling this in fantastic shapes she upraised it to form an island which should be a sentinel in the seas, a half-way house between the worlds. Stern and bleak and wild was this lonely fortalice, engirt by the billows and enveloped by the fogs, scarred by the glaciers and swept by the hurricanes, aptly designed for its purpose as the warden of the seas.

But then Nature, half relenting, peopled the waters that wash its rugged shores with a teeming mass of fish that nowhere else can be equalled, that centuries of persistent harrying by every nation in Western Europe have failed to appreciably diminish, not to say deplete. Cabot in 1497, westward bound into the unknown expanse of ocean, found

this island lying across his course, and named it "Ye New founde lande." For this discovery Henry VII., with true Tudor parsimony, ordered a grant from his privy purse of "£10 to hym that founde ye new isle." It was the best investment for the money that ever a British monarch made. The plenteous meed of fish which these waters yielded was the boast of Cabot's men, and the prospect of the wealth to be gained there inflamed the avarice of the West-country sea-folk, and sent thousands of Devon and Cornwall and Somerset folk across the ocean in Cabot's wake, to reap their share of this harvest of the seas. It made them navigators and explorers, and spurred them to conquests on the Spanish Main. Daring and pugnacious, they felt that as they mastered the billows they could also dominate all others who used this trackless pathway. They made England great at sea, and as the Dutch owed their prowess to the herring-bones on which Amsterdam was founded, so Britain's supremacy was built upon the codfish of Newfoundland.

In time the Irish also made their way to this coast. Driven from the "ould sod," when penal laws sent legions of the hapless Celts to bleach their bones in foreign lands, Newfoundland was the nearest to their own loved country, and they sought to make a new Ireland of it. They came in such numbers that early in the last century

The Isle of the Fishers



NEWFOUNDLAND DORY

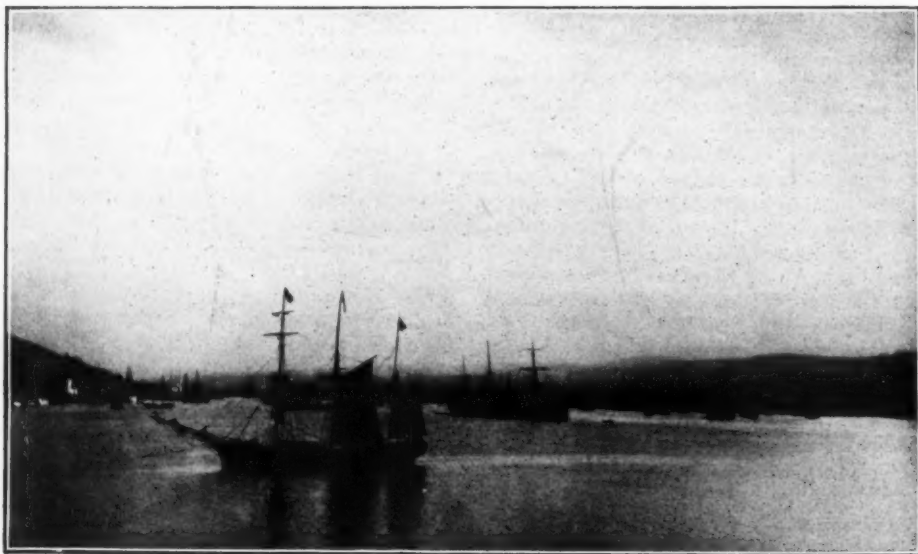
Two men row, each with a pair of oars. The third man steers with an oar over the stern.

they were the largest element in its population. What a part environment plays in forming national character is illustrated by the case of these Irish peasants. The English were of the West-country—sea-folk all; the Irish were purely farmers. Fresh from the bogs and plains of Munster, they were transplanted to this bleak and barren

wilderness, to find an existence on a bare fringe of seashore, for even as this is written, there is scarcely a settlement in the island three miles from the coast. Yet such is the adaptability of the Celt, that the Irish farmers soon became keen and active fishermen, developing into the most daring, energetic and successful among all on its shores. And so complete was the transformation that their descendants to-day, leading fishermen as they are and

devoted to that pursuit, scarcely know how to farm, and find it more congenial work to plough the ocean than to wrestle with reluctant Nature in securing a living from the sterile and unproductive soil.

This influx of English and Irish continued until about 1850, when the opening up of the Great West tempted them there, and



NEWFOUNDLAND BARQUENTINES

The Isle of the Fishers

for the past half-century the tide of immigration has passed the island by, and it has no reserve but its natural increase. Thus it has come about that the colony has developed a new type of people, the product of this British occupation, the virtues of the combination being unimpaired by other inbreedings, for the population is absolutely from this stock. Poor they may be in the world's goods, and frugal and toilsome their lives, but in the manly elements—courage, industry, energy and reliance—which enrich a people or a country, they are generously dowered indeed. The bulldog courage of the English has been rarefied by the impetuous daring of the Irish, and the outcome is that every man is a hero at heart. Lifelong association with the sea has taught them a contempt for maritime dangers that finds expression in every phase of the industrial life of the community.

Heroic self-sacrifice is the national virtue. No man counts his life so sacred as not to risk it for another's. Modern sages tell us that romance has been eliminated from the world, that no longer is life ennobled by its disregard for sordid fact. One has only to visit Newfoundland to be disabused of this idea,



HAULING SEALS ASHORE

to see the daily workings of a system where self is the least consideration. Not a week, certainly not a month of the year passes without some manifestation of heroism on the part of these humble fisher-folk that is worthy of admiration, and yet is passed over as the merest incident in the common doings of the people. Their every pursuit involves a war with the elements, and to none can Kipling's words apply more fitly than to them—

“There's never a flood goes shoreward now

But lifts a keel we
manned;

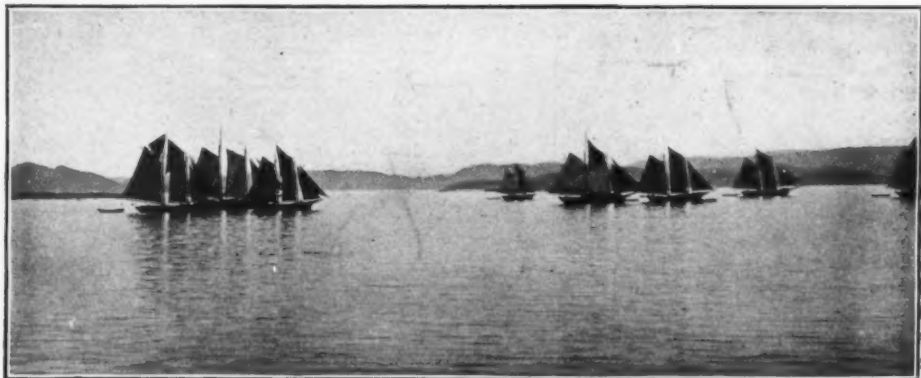
There's never an ebb
goes seaward now
But drops our dead
on the sand.”

They don't count their dead in small lots in Newfoundland. A disaster there is something large and awe-inspiring, with surroundings tragic enough to satisfy the most exacting sensation-seeker. When 1000 men get adrift on the ice-floes, or thrice that number are in peril in the fishing-boats on the Cape shore, it is scarcely surprising that the proportion of losses



ICE BREAKING UP

The Isle of the Fishers



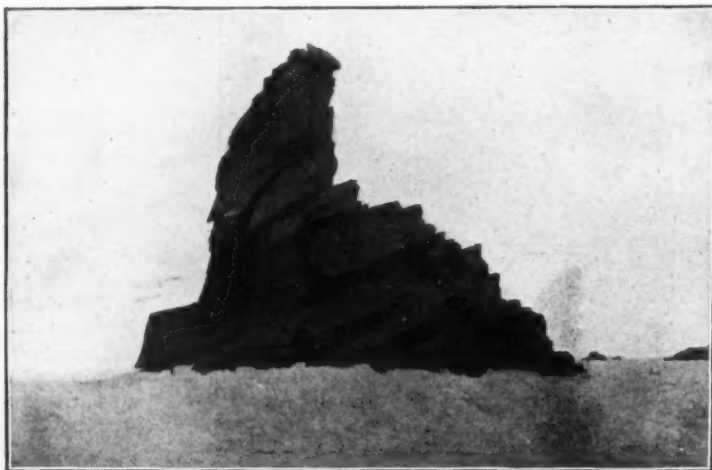
FISHING-VESSELS ALONG THE LABRADOR COAST

should be great. Indeed, with the fisher-folk well-defined epochs are fixed by the great colonial catastrophes which rise like mountain peaks above the surrounding level of dull monotonous existence. Thus, you hear that Jones was born "the spring of the Wadhams" (when several ships were lost on rocks of that name); that a vessel was launched "the fall of the crash" (when the banks failed); or that a law was passed the year of the "Greenland" (when forty-eight sealmen perished on the floes).

What an unceasing and all too often hopeless struggle against death this Newfoundland fishery represents, let the following statement of a representative coastman show: "In the next house to ours, in Oderin, the father and two sons were drowned at

different times. In the next, a son and a grandson met a like fate. James Murphy was drowned. The three Footes were drowned. The two Abbots, both smart young men, were lost off Cape St. Mary's at the same time. The three Smith boys were lost, all together. There were three of the Walsh boys in a banker which foundered with all hands—sixteen men. The Burtons were wiped out in one night—seven hands went down with the boat, her whole crew. Seven of the Dentys went the same way. They were five brothers, the son of the eldest, and the son of their married sister. Tom Hollet's boat was sunk with seven hands; Joe Davis' boat foundered with seven more. The three Power families lost a boat apiece, seven men in each. The usual crew

for one of these smacks is a skipper and six hands. Besides these catastrophes, there were many other deaths, in ones and twos—men washed overboard, lost from boats, thrown from riggings or cast away on the Banks. John Connors lost four men from his banker in this way, and with a little trouble I could recall many more. This long list covers only the last twelve years, and almost all the



OUTLYING ROCK SURROUNDED BY ICE

The Isle of the Fishers

young men were schoolmates of my own. Out of a class of fifty I can scarcely recall one alive now excepting my own brother; and that's only for our harbour of 400 inhabitants." The same thing is occurring in every other hamlet around the coast, and when you think of what that means, you cease to wonder that the census returns should show no increase in the population. There are more widows and orphans, proportionately, in Newfoundland than anywhere else in the world, and this is inevitable from the dangers which the breadwinners face and the heroism they display.

If the whole mortality of the Newfoundland seaboard could be computed, if the unnumbered hosts whose bones strew the ocean floor for every mile of its coastline could be summoned to life again, if the narrative of ghastly maritime disaster during 400 years could be told by a visible portrayal of the scenes of tragedy enacted therewith, the world would be staggered. The element of human travail, the thread of tragedy is so

woven into the woof and warp of daily life in Newfoundland as to occasion no surprise, no matter what the combination of startling circumstances associated with it. One sits and listens to the narratives of men who harrow one with sea tales of the keenest interest in which they have figured, imparting thereto the fascination of the undying romance of the sea.

It would be difficult to find a more impressive example of unselfish heroism than that of Thomas McCarthy of Red Island, in February 1890. At that season the winter herring fishery is at its height in Placentia Bay, these fish being netted by the coast-folk and sold to the American vessels which come from Massachusetts for cargoes.

Hundreds of local crafts flock to the herring centres to engage in the fishery. The fish are taken in the shallow inlets at the head of the Bay, and as the cold intensifies these creeks freeze over, and vessels must leave at once or be gripped there for the winter. When the thick, hardening scum forms on the face of the placid water, it is a signal for all to move, and with a rush and bustle and hearty chorus, the smacks loose their sails and steer for the tumbling ocean beyond. On this occasion, Dicks' vessel, of Burin, was running seaward, the crew "catting" the anchor. Wilson Dicks was leaning out, hauling taut on a rope, when

his feet slipped on the icy deck and he shot out head foremost over the low bulwark into the water. The vessel had overrun him many yards ere her people realised what had happened, and as they wore her round to beat back, they saw McCarthy's boat following in their wake and tacking towards him. Owing to the wind she could not reach within fifty yards of the struggling man, but McCarthy sprang on the



WHERE THE TITANIA WAS LOST

taffrail as she sped past and plunged into the sea to rescue him. To understand what this meant it is only needful to remember that the time was midwinter, and the thermometer below zero, the scene an ice-cumbered ocean, and the settings the two little smacks. Dicks had gone over by accident, and McCarthy had followed by his own free will. The latter was clad in his heaviest winter garb and wore long rubber boots, so that he was too weighted to swim, even if the "slob" ice permitted, which it did not; but he beat his way through the crust for the fifty yards which separated him from Dicks, whom he caught and kept above water. Meanwhile McCarthy's shipmates were trying to launch

The Isle of the Fishers

their punt from the schooner's deck, but it was frozen solidly there, iced in with sprays, and they had literally to chop it out. This was a long and bitter task when men's lives depended on it; but the workers wrought with feverish eagerness, then picked up the boat and tossed it over the side by main strength. Two men jumped into it, oars were thrown after them, and they sent her spinning along to the spot where the others were almost sinking in the frozen ocean. The intense cold had clutched at their vitals, and they were at death's very

Race in a dense fog, and became a total wreck. On Saturday, November 16, 1902, just after daybreak, the roar of the breakers could be heard, and the surf was seen, beating against the rocks. The ship struck four times, until she lay battered and broken at the base of the cliffs. The waves burst on deck, flooding the cabin and forecastle and almost sweeping the men overboard. The cutter was swamped, and then the desperate resolve was formed of getting away in the dinghy, if possible. She was being launched, but was struck by a sea and demolished



WHERE THE *TITANIA* STRUCK IS MARKED WITH A X ON THE WATER

door when the boat reached them, and dragged them more dead than alive from the doom that impended. This heroism cost McCarthy dear. The shock to his system from his efforts to save Dicks undermined his constitution. The cold and immersion shattered his physique, his health broke down, consumption supervened, and within eight months he yielded up the ghost—as manly and heroic a soul as ever trod the deck of a Newfoundland fishing-schooner.

Only two years ago a proof of the heroism of these fisher-folk was afforded, when the large British barque *Titania*, from Liverpool, spitted herself on a reef near Cape

against the ship's steel side. To swim ashore was now the only alternative, but so furious was the sea, none would dare it. Speedy drowning was certain for any who tried. The ship was settling, the waves leaped higher, the deck afforded no foothold, and the hungry, half-clad, spray-soaked seamen were forced up into the rigging, the last hope of the imperilled mariner. The waves gradually rose to the fore-yard and drove them into the topmast. Here they remained for thirty-six hours, chilled and despairing. November in these latitudes is intensely cold, and though they cowered into the folds of the sails, they found but slight

The Isle of the Fishers

shelter from the biting blast. Their condition was desperate. No settlers lived within miles, the ship lacked a siren to sound an alarm, and fog hid her from passing crafts. At length the boatswain, William Williams, determined to attempt the swim to land. He slid down the stay to the jibboom, jumped from it into the sea, and gallantly breasted forward. But the powerful waves seized him in a vice-like grip and threw him upon the jagged rocks, battering him into a shapeless lump, as his horrified comrades gazed on the tragedy. Before nightfall the fog lifted slightly, and showed them the cosy hamlet of Trepassey some miles away, but

the welcome sight of crafts leaving Trepassey. Two drove by in the offing without noticing the wreck, but others descried her and made for the scene. The first was William Inkpen's, of Burin, a forty-ton fishing-schooner. She hove to near the rocks and lowered a dory, or flat-bottomed skiff, into which the skipper and two men jumped and rowed gallantly in towards the battered fabric. The hull was awash, and there was danger that the boat would be dashed on the rocks or against her hull. The rescuers rowed in under the stern, but the hapless creatures in the tops could scarcely muster strength to cast off their



FLAT ROCK, A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING VILLAGE, THE HOME OF THE PARSONS

it shut down again and left them forlorn, with little prospect of rescue, while cold and hunger worked their will upon their exhausted bodies. The merciless grasp of the waves tightened on the doomed vessel, and the pounding of the hull threatened to jump the spars out of her. The despairing castaways felt that any moment might see them tossed into the ocean to perish. Chilled and helpless, they clung to their insecure footing all that night, the blood frozen in their veins, and with their hands and feet so swollen and numbed from exposure that the sense of feeling had utterly left them. The long dreary night passed and the new day came, but still no sign of rescue. Not until Sunday afternoon did the wind change and the fog drive away, and then was seen

lashings and descend the backstays to the mizzen-boom. The captain had to lead the way, so broken was their spirit, and he swarmed out on the boom and dropped into the boat below. Had he not alighted fairly, or had a sea struck her as he disturbed her balance, all the rescuers must have perished. For be it remembered they had no lifeboat, belts, buoys or other safeguards. They came as they were, risking their own lives without a solitary chance of escape if untoward circumstance befell. But fortune favoured, and as they moved clear, Andrew Kehoe's dory passed in to continue the brave work. The Kehoes had a local reputation for life-saving already, and "Andy," who has been in wrecks and rescues from boyhood, took command of

The Isle of the Fishers

the situation by instinctive pre-eminence. He and his two sons, with a line to a cluster of other boats, made six trips down into the mouth of that ocean hell, defying the raging surf and furious undertow, and saved a man each time, transferring the rescued to relief boats waiting a little way off. The noble trio did not desist until all on board the wreck had been taken from their perilous position. Captain Cove, of the *Titania*, stated publicly, later, that he had never seen, read, or heard of a more daring rescue, for if an oar had slipped in Inkpen's or Kehoe's dory, she would have been dashed against the hull and her occupants engulfed in the hungry waves. The wretched castaways were half dead from hunger and exposure, their extremities were senseless for days, and they suffered intensely. The rescuers fed and clothed and cared for them, until all were set ashore in St. John's safe and thankful. For this heroism not a man of the rescuing party expects any more recognition than comes from "seeing his name in the paper" of St. John's.

The following touching incident of youthful heroism occurred during the great storm of 1885 on the coast of Labrador. Incredible though the narrative may seem, the writer is in a position to guarantee its truth, as the newspaper with which he is connected was the first to give it publicity. The boy's name was Willie Smith, and his father, a humble fisherman, resided in Cupids, Conception Bay.

Thousands of island trawlers go in their schooners to Labrador in quest of cod during the summer months. The boys are taken along, as they are very useful. During a gale in October of that year, the Smith schooner, the *Amelia*, was driven ashore near Harrigan. On that bleak coast she soon filled and went down, her boats being smashed into kindlings by the waves. This chance of escape being lost, nothing remained for the men but to swim for the shore. Little Willie Smith, then eleven years old, had accompanied his father on the smack, and was not strong enough to battle with the waves. In order to save his life, the father lashed the boy upon his back and set off to swim for land. Finding that they made very little headway, and that they were both in imminent danger of being drowned, the boy begged his father to go alone and to "let him be," and upon the father refusing, the boy actually worked himself free from the rope, and would

probably have been drowned had not a huge wave at that moment flung both of them upon the rocks. Afterwards, in explaining his action, the boy said, simply, "I thought poor father was going to be drowned, and what would mother do then? so I got off his back." Think of this child of eleven forming such a resolution amid the breakers' dreadful roar, as they battled with heart and muscle through the sea, in a period of stress and strife which would send an ordinary child of eleven crazy with fright. Think of this innocent child ready to sacrifice himself that the breadwinner might be preserved to the loved ones at home! On history's golden page few nobler deeds have been traced than this of the obscure fisher-lad, in our unheroic modern day, and the land cannot be hopeless which produces youths and men like these.

This truthful tale of a child's devotion to his parents can be aptly rounded by an equally truthful tale of a father's devotion to his children, and it was an Eastertide tragedy! Late in March 1894 the vast Arctic ice-floes were driven in on the east coast of Newfoundland, blocking the harbour of St. John's. These floes bear thousands of seals, a great prize with the islanders. No sooner was a secure footing assured, than parties of men started off over its surface to hunt the phocæ. From every cove and hamlet they went; even the labourers, tradesmen and shopkeepers of St. John's ventured out in little groups, to have it to boast that they had "been to the ice." Despite the warnings of the newspapers, sealmen and others who advised caution, the slaughter of the herds nearest the shore began, sending the hunters roving further afield, until they were four to six miles off. For some days good success was had, but on Easter Eve, March 24, the wind changed and canted the ice off the land. An excited and panic-stricken mob then began a wild scramble for the shore. They had ventured far afield in quest of such a rare and easily-reaped harvest, and many, blind to the risks which such a venture always includes, neglected to take the most necessary precautions for their own safety, and rushed off on the ice poorly provided with food or clothing. Fifteen persons from Flat Rock, a hamlet some few miles from St. John's, were too far off to reach the shore, though visible to their friends on the cliffs. These castaways were in a cluster on a "pan" (a

The Isle of the Fishers

flat fragment of ice, of varying size), gazing longingly on the land, from which a wide stretch of water separated them, while their friends followed them along the shore as well as its ruggedness would permit, shouting words of encouragement in response to the appeals for help impossible to be rendered from local sources. Then some villagers started for St. John's with the direful news, that rescue ships might be sent out. The way was long and toilsome from the winter snows, and it was after midnight before they reached town, arousing Colonial Secretary Bond from his bed, who arranged for the prompt dispatch of a tug in quest of the missing men. Meanwhile beacons had been lighted on the hilltops, to guide and inspire the little party, and before midnight six of them, young, active men, seized the chance when the shifting currents carried the floe near a jutting sandbar, to work their way ashore on some fragments of ice, though at very great risk to themselves. The remainder were unable to avail themselves of this opportunity, and the current bore off nine precious lives into the blackness and immensity of the ocean. But baffling tides sent the floe, some hours later, in towards Outer Cove, and the ice packing somewhat tightly there, a last desperate struggle for life was made. The little party consisted of Richard Parsons and his two sons, James, aged fifteen, and Richard, aged ten; Martin Kennedy and his son William, aged fourteen; John Waterman and his nephews, Michael, aged sixteen, and Richard, aged fourteen; and William Wade. About two o'clock, Easter Sunday morning, Patrick Hickey of Outer Cove was awakened to find six weary, gaunt, half-frozen persons at his door. They entered, and told their story in a few words. They were some of the Flat Rock party, and Richard Parsons and his two sons, the latter said to be dying, were still on the ice, and wanted help. Hickey, a stalwart, big-hearted, dauntless specimen of the best type of fisherman, at once roused his neighbours, though he and they had only been in about an hour from a laborious day's hunt on the ice for the seals. John Fennessey, William Doran and Michael Doran cheerfully agreed to accompany him, and the Flat Rock men being too exhausted and footsore to return, the four started on their mission of mercy with no guide, and but an imperfect knowledge of the location. They came upon Parsons and his oldest son only after a tedious search

in the blackness of night. The father was lying upon the inanimate body of the boy to impart warmth to it, and had stripped himself almost naked and wrapped the body in his garments for the same object. Stimulants were given him, and an attempt was made to revive the boy, but life was almost extinct. Search was made for the other lad, while two of the rescuers stripped off their own warm shirts and wrapped the former boy in them. When the six who had escaped started for the land, Parsons refused to leave his son's body, but bade the younger boy go with them, as the other lad had collapsed while the little chap was fairly fresh. But after going about half-a-mile he too gave out, and they told him to turn back to his father and remain till they sent help. Each man had a boy to care for, and they feared that if they waited all might perish. The poor little mite of ten tried to obey, but wandered from the track they had made, and despairing of help and his strength being exhausted, lay down on the floe to die. When the rescuers found him he was at his last gasp. They carried the two bodies on their backs for nearly a mile, supporting the stricken father also, and then met a relief party with a sledge, sent on for such an emergency. The boys were not dead when Hickey's house was reached, but were too far gone to recover, and succumbed before daybreak. The father was severely frostbitten through sacrificing his clothing for the older boy, and all the others were also scarred. The lads who escaped were nearly dead, and one had a foot frozen, through his boot being torn off in a crevice, he having to toil along for some hours with a stocking as his only protection. Kennedy gave his boy all the bread he had brought for himself, and many other examples of self-sacrifice are recorded of this little band rescued from the jaws of death. Two facts may be emphasised in this connexion—that in Newfoundland children are early accustomed to horrors, and that the rescuers in this case risked the same fate as those they went on the ice in quest of, had the wind sent the floe out of the Cove again.

The same day another tragedy involving nine grown men was barely averted by the courageous resource of one of the party. James McGrath and Joseph Power, like scores of others, went seal-hunting also on that Easter Day. Men of all classes went out, unmindful of the dangers, and when

The Isle of the Fishers

the offset began, these two found seven citizens on a "pan" of ice, helpless and scared. They were all isolated, a wide lane of water separating them from the ice nearer the land. To remain threatened death, and yet escape seemed impossible. McGrath weighed all the circumstances and saw no other alternative. He plunged into the icy water and swam across, clad as he was, with a line behind him contrived by joining together the tow-ropes by means of which the seals were dragged over the floes to land. Scrambling on to the main floe, he hauled the others across on a smaller ice mass, then he undressed on the ice, wrung the water out of his clothes with their help, dressed again, and they proceeded along towards the shore. The ice was "going to pieces" or sundering apart, and soon they met another lane. McGrath, being wet, wanted to swim the channel again, but Power insisted that it was his turn now, and he made the dash, the party being hauled across in the same way. In due time they got near the harbour, but a mile of water now cut them off from safety. No object was to be served by swimming this, even if the cold did not make success almost impossible, so they were checkmated. But boats were at work rescuing men at various points and soon came with relief to them.

The others of the party admitted that but for the dauntless bravery of McGrath and Power, they would have drifted to sea and perished miserably of hunger and exposure, as so many others did.

These are a few out of countless incidents illustrating the dangers and trials in the life of a Newfoundland fisherman. Daily are such experiences recorded in every cove and hamlet around the coast-line. Peril amid the billows, peril among the ice-floes, peril along the rugged seaboard—that is his heritage and his portion from boyhood to old age. The rescuer to-day, he may be the rescued to-morrow. Life to him has few compensations. It is an unceasing struggle against the elements, a strenuous endeavour to secure the means of existence from a sea which is ever on the watch to work ruin upon him. Wreck, wrath and calamity are the facts which predominate in every Newfoundland village. They have come home to every family and have left a vacant place in every household. The frequency of disaster compels every man to be a hero unconsciously, and if every person who saved a life in this island were to be awarded a medal, they would be given out every week at least, and for actions as meritorious and as deserving of recognition as any that are so rewarded elsewhere.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

ABBREVIATIONS COMPETITION

For Conditions see November Number, p. 86.

List No. 2.

- | | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|--------------|--------------------|
| 1. R.S.P.C.A. | 10. G.C.R. | 19. M.B. | 28. A.O.D. |
| 2. A.R.A.M. | 11. V.E.C.A. | 20. M.F.H. | 29. <i>c and b</i> |
| 3. K.R.R.C. | 12. R.E. | 21. M.M. | 30. L.L.B. |
| 4. P.S.N. | 13. R.A. | 22. M.V.O. | 31. W.E.I. |
| 5. D.C.L.I. | 14. R.H.A. | 23. B. | 32. G.C.I.E. |
| 6. M.C. | 15. C.O.S. | 24. S.P.C.K. | 33. O.P.L. |
| 7. F.C.O. | 16. <i>ff</i> . | 25. F.O. | 34. <i>fz</i> |
| 8. V.C. | 17. D.C.O. | 26. H.P. | 35. S.P.G. |
| 9. V.C. | 18. B/ <i>l</i> | 27. K.G. | |



By-paths in Nature

BY FRANK STEVENS

AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN HIVELAND"

Illustrated by Frank Percy Smith

II

THE COMING OF THE PHILISTINE



IN a tiny cottage situated within a few acres of garden, paddock and copse, I am monarch of all I survey, for these acres are my kingdom, my empire; the birds, beasts and insects are the tribesmen whose welfare is my daily care. We are, however, constantly engaged in warfare, for some respect not the rights of their suzerain lord. Such are the aphid tribe, who levy toll



MY FRIEND THE LADY-BIRD, IN HER LIVERY OF SCARLET AND BLACK

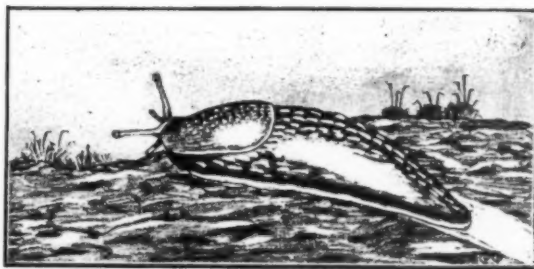
upon my rose-trees; and the snail family, with their blood brothers the slugs, who leave their slimy tracks upon my garden-wall—spoor that leads to their own detection and summary execution.

Often the wily caterpillar encamps in my cabbage-bed and robs me of the fruit of my toil, when I fit out a punitive expedition against him, which, alas! is as unsuccessful as more serious enterprises sometimes prove. These are my open enemies, and I know them well. To their undoing I call together my faithful subjects and allies the birds, who, in return for certain kindnesses in the stress of winter, repay me by devouring such of my foes as are hardy enough to venture into the open. My friend the Lady-bird, in her livery of scarlet and black, marshals her forces against the green hordes of the aphides, and by encouraging

her I secure my daily bowl of rich and fragrant roses in their season.

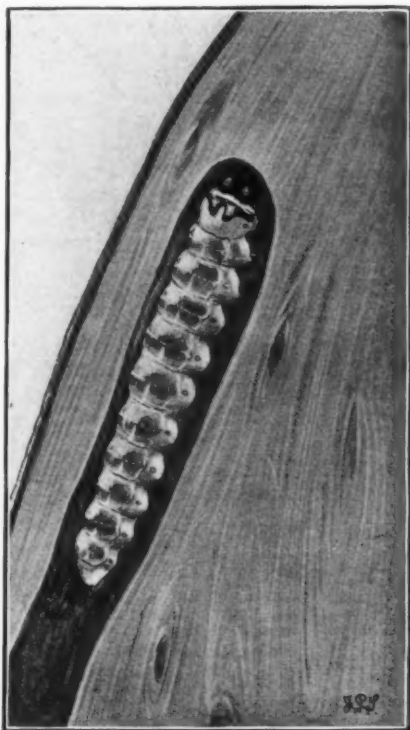
But in addition to open enemies, there are others, very Anarchists and Nihilists, whose ways are silent and secret, but whose work is none the less deadly. These are the silent burrowers in the earth, who attack the very roots and sap the strength of my plants; the death's-head caterpillar destroys my potato crop; the malodorous goat caterpillar bores into my willow trunks; the tiny red spider leaves his traces on the leaves of my peach-trees. These, and a hundred others, all combine against me, and call for the utmost diplomacy. Yet I would

not be without them; nay, more, it grieves me to exterminate their brothers and sisters, for each has a history of toil and struggle for existence. Not one is there who is unworthy of patient study, that has not some pathos in its



LEAVE THEIR SLIMY TRACKS

By-paths in Nature



THE MALODOROUS GOAT CATERPILLAR BORES
INTO MY WILLOW TRUNKS

battle for life which inclines me to be lenient. Thus, I am a merciful king, striving to hold the balance even.

What if the cabbage caterpillar devours my plants; he will at least people the garden in summer-time with fair white flitting butterflies, as beautiful in their way as flowers. We spend infinite pains and toil in planting and tending a flower garden; why not have a butterfly garden too? Think of it, on a baking July day: a mass of green food plants giving birth daily to a host of gaily-coloured, velvet-winged insects, who would fill the air with a thousand kaleidoscopic colour pictures! Truly, for beauty, a butterfly is every whit as precious as a flower.

Mine is no formal garden set with glowing, prim parterres and ribbon borders, whereon the gardener will spend many a weary hour with line and trowel, setting the plants in stiff devices. Time expended thus is ill spent. Old Charles, my gardener, has occupation enough in feeding and tending my plants, seeing that the garden yields its

kindly fruits in due season. My study looks upon a lawn of rich old grass, close-cut until it appears like an emerald carpet. A wide-extending cedar-tree stretches its arms over one corner and showers its brown needles upon the ground beneath, a spot of kindly refreshing shade on summer afternoons. A clipped hedge of holly gives me privacy upon the lawn, and there dwell my Chrysostoms, the golden-beaked blackbirds, who make music for me in spring and summer. They are always welcome guests, and when winter frosts are keen, when all is frozen hard and worms are scarce, I hang out little balls of lard to furnish them a meal. It is my duty as sovereign lord to attend to their wants in time of scarcity.

I have a friend—a human friend—who dwells amid the storm and stress of London. His name matters not—let us call him the Philistine. Long years of bricks and mortar and striving after this world's goods have led him to neglect the glorious book of Nature; in fact, he regards me as little short of a madman, in that I am content to dwell within my own domain and never seek the bustle and hum of city life. For years we have exchanged letters, he telling me of his constant struggle in the world of business and of his successes; I, in return, sending him particulars of my quiet, uneventful life, together with a share of the rich spoils of my garden. And now, at the bidding of a watchful doctor, the Philistine has journeyed to my Haven of Rest, and descended upon me, to break the even tenor of my life.

He was wont to describe himself as a man of reason and common-sense. Perchance he may be so within the limits of the mart, but to me he is a source of constant wonder, for his eyes have never been opened to the joys of country life, and his thoughts never extended beyond the daily round of his duties. And thus I sought to make him a disciple in the cult of Nature.

We were sitting on the lawn on the evening of his arrival. He had roughly plucked one of my roses, at which he was looking with some degree of interest.

"You know," he said, "in town, we always get our roses wired—fixed up with a bit of wire, so that the head doesn't flop about. They are much better so."

"Indeed?" I replied. "Yes, I suppose the custom suits you. Down here, we don't practise such barbarities on our roses."

By-paths in Nature

"Oh, but they look so much nicer—which is their chief use."

I gasped at this town-bred reasoning.

"My dear Philistine," I urged gently, "that is rank heresy! Flowers have many uses beyond the mere adornment of a Stock Exchange buttonhole."

"I know all that," he continued. "They furnish honey for the bees, and so on; but still they are the natural ornaments supplied to us by Nature."

"I suppose you mean," I suggested cautiously, "that a plant is just an inactive, purposeless thing which grows, and whose flowers are plucked to furnish pleasure and satisfaction to any one who can afford to pay for them?"

"Certainly," he replied. "There is a plant," pointing to my rose-bush, "stuck in the ground. Probably it would grow and put forth flowers if you never touched it. By cultivation you get more bloom than the plant would naturally yield, that is all."

"But you admit that the rose-bush is a living thing?" I contended.

"Well, yes; it is alive," he replied; "but not with the life of—a sparrow, for example." Pleased with the point he had raised, he regarded me triumphantly, as one who had established a subtle distinction.

I shook my head. "That is where you make a great mistake, my dear fellow. A flower is every bit as much alive as any sooty London sparrow. It may not show such activity, but that is simply due to the force of circumstances. Do you ever go into Pimm's to eat oysters?"

He admitted the impeachment.

"Are not oysters—and, for argument, sea-anemones—just as firmly rooted as any



WE ALWAYS GET OUR ROSES WIRED

rose-bush? You will admit that they are living things. Have a care, lest in your unscientific mind you arrive at wrong conclusions! Moreover, I may also add for your information that there are plants which move——"

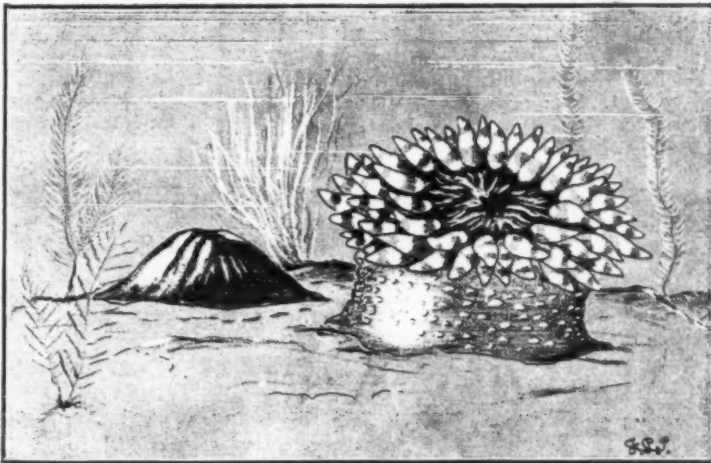
"Yes, yes," he broke in, anxious to put me in the wrong, "but oysters and sea-anemones are not what I meant. Take a cat, for example. Her actions are visible. You see her crouch as she watches the mouse. There is evident purpose in all she does; but a mere rose-bush——"

"A rose-bush," I replied, "is not at all unlike a cat, to those who know both, and have watched them. Being firmly rooted and unable to go abroad about its business,

the bush has to strain every fibre to accomplish its ends; to be as watchful as a cat, for its own purposes."

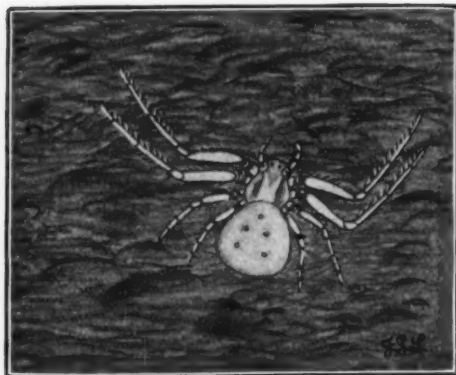
"And what are they?"

"The continuance of the race of roses. The cat of your illustration watches for mice to eat; the rose sends down its roots to seek food in the earth. It opens its leaf-buds to catch the sunlight—even gives them a reddish



SEA-ANEMONES, JUST AS FIRMLY ROOTED AS ANY ROSE-BUSH

By-paths in Nature



IT IS A CRAB-SPIDER

tinge to convert the light rays of the sun into heat rays. Is not that purposeful? It clothes its stalks with thorns. Why?—To assault the tender nose of any animal who might like to browse thereon. The very shape of the flower serves its purpose; its scent is an attraction, as are its red berries."

The Philistine laughed. "Come, come," he said, "I can hardly believe that! Scarlet berries attract birds, I admit, and they eat them, but there is the end of the seeds."

"Not so. That is exactly what the rose wishes. The bird swallows the berry, upon which there is just sufficient flesh to be of use to him as food; but the seeds, undigested, are distributed by the bird. In the matter of honey, the bee, it is true, secures a portion, but in return he has to carry off a quantity of pollen, deposit it on another rose, and so fertilise it. You may talk of wages, and the ethics of business, but I assure you that in this my kingdom of Nature the rate of work and wages is just as nicely adjusted. Above all,

'No Gratuities.' None of the thousand labourers in my garden get anything from the flowers for nothing; there is no free honey; all has to be paid for in one way or another, and the strictest account is kept. No system of checking or burglar-alarm is more complete than the actual methods of the honey-bearing flower, which compels all visitors to pay toll before they receive their wages of nectar. There can be no burglars and no fraud, for the flower is very wide-awake and won't permit any irregularity."

The Philistine was strangely silent, for him. "How wonderful!" he said at length. "I never thought of that before."

Just then a tiny yellow spider—a curious hump-backed, bloated-looking creature adorned with two bright crimson spots on either side of his body, and eight straggling legs—crept out of an open rose which he was examining. Evidently the spider was not at home, and was anxious to avoid observation. The Philistine was disgusted.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "I hate insects! That's the worst of living in the country."

I gently checked him. "Not an insect, my friend—a spider. Insects have six legs, and are differently constructed. This is a small person who rejoices in a big name: *Misumena vatia*. It is a crab-spider."

"A what?" he inquired.

"Crab-spider. Watch him closely for a moment, and you will notice that he walks like a crab: not straight forward, but sideways."

The Philistine's interest was aroused. "Good gracious, so he does! But why was he in the rose?"

"For the same reason that the fisherman goes to the stream when he wants fish. Come indoors and have a look at my collections."

The Critic on the Hearth¹

BY JOHN A. STEUART

IT was bound to come, and, as the way of great events is, it came quite simply. The primary cause was this. A letter reached me from a young person, sex unknown though not beyond conjecture, soliciting my opinion on a certain very tender and confidential subject understood to be of the most vital interest to the world at

large. I receive many missives from unknown friends, some asking advice (never meant to be taken), some offering invaluable counsel, some praising, some blaming, and not a few begging. I am the politest man in the world on such occasions. What are you to do when you are informed in ardent and infectious language that such and such

¹ Copyright in the United States of America, by John A. Steuart, 1904.

The Critic on the Hearth

passages in a book which bears your name on the title-page are charming beyond anything else in literature, and that the writer prays Heaven you may give more of the same sort? Flattery, my dear sir, I observed to the Curate, who gazed at me with arched brows while I ventured to express these sentiments, flattery is like a fine oil, an essence that penetrates our vain human nature almost unknown to ourselves, and puts us in good-humour like grateful news or an unexpected legacy. A turn in the conversation led me inadvertently to mention the aforesaid letter which artlessly put this thrilling question—"Ought a girl to marry for money or for love?"

"Both, I should think," chipped in Solomon in his light irreverent way.

The company stared at him reproachfully for his avarice; then the Colonel, smiling softly as he looked across the table at the young lady classic, remarked that fortunately we had an authority on the matter at hand. "What do you think, my dear?" he inquired. "In regard to this great question, ought it to be a commercial transaction or—what you know?"

"The girl who marries for money doesn't deserve a husband at all," she replied quickly, the blood flaming in temple and cheek.

"Ho, ho," cried Solomon, with a knowing look, "that's confession. So a husband really is worth having. One would sometimes imagine that husbands are accepted out of charity and not from any intrinsic value or good in themselves."

"My good sir, they are accepted out of charity," cried the Colonel, laughing. "Many a man to my personal knowledge has got a much better wife than he deserves. Take my word for it, only a very good man indeed deserves the whole time, attention and devotion of a good woman." And by an instinct of chivalry he bowed to the young couple on the opposite side of the table. The Curate could have sworn offhand he was right—if the matter were not somewhat too delicately personal.

"Perhaps so," responded Solomon, with one of his sceptical expressions. "But I tell you what, if only the first-rate girl, the model of all the excellences, were to marry you would have spinsters multiplying at an appalling rate on your hands. Besides, it seems to me we have got far past the simple Arcadian ideas of love. A cotton frock, a pewter plate, and a shake-down on an un-

carpeted cottage floor no longer suffice. So far as I can make out, my lady in these up-to-date times much prefers old china, Turkey carpets, rich upholstery, and as much silver and gold ware as husband, friends and relations can supply. It's all very well for Leonora Gusher to describe her last great novel as 'a romance of the affections,' or sentimental Tommy choke us with the honey of sentiment pure from the comb. Affection doesn't thrive on crumbs and parings."

You may have discovered that we love an argument at our table, not of the peremptory, single-stringed style affected by Johnson, to the immortal admiration of Jamie Boswell, nor yet of the atrabilian kind which made even Carlyle's adoring mother own he was "gey ill to deal wi'." By preference we take ours mild and under proof, leaving the hot over-proof article to the House of Commons, Borough Councils and other distinguished debating societies. In other words we prefer mellowness, geniality, sunshine, at once the best tonics and the surest preservers of friendship.

"You would have Miss Gusher debarred from dealing with the affections," said the Colonel with his customary politeness.

"I would have her and all like her debarred from being absurd," responded Solomon. "I cannot help thinking that a great deal of harm is done by presenting fatuous, fantastic, and wholly ridiculous scenes as if they were true pictures of life, but have actually as little resemblance to the real thing as a tadpole to a rhinoceros. Only fictitious love wipes out all worldly considerations and idiotically proceeds to live happy ever after. One wonders what it exists on. On air, on gush, on hi'falutin sentiment? When these things pay tradesmen's bills and satisfy the tax-collector I'll begin to believe in them. Meantime a girl is quite right to remember that love to be content must have seven tolerable dinners per week, with breakfasts, luncheons, afternoon teas, etc. to correspond; that it finds much comfort in an easy-chair and flourishes like a green bay tree on silks, laces, feather stoles and picture hats.

"How mercenary!" cried the young lady classic. "To hear you one would think the whole world were over head and ears in selfishness."

"As to selfishness," returned Solomon, with a laugh, "the world has for a long while now been pretty sedulously engaged

The Critic on the Hearth

in looking after number one. You call me mercenary. Well, I find that the mercenary people have all the soft cribs in this hard age. As I understand it the case stands thus—before the affections can be allowed to have their way in genteel and well-regulated society there must be tightly-drawn settlements; if these should anywhere be loose or unsatisfactory to the level-headed unsentimental people who attend to matters of £ s. d., then the unfortunate affections have to retire drooping into a corner. Now and then they take the bit between their teeth and bolt, and the morning papers give a picturesque narrative of young affection in flight. But that's rare, and becoming rarer. I hear Gretna Green has lost all its old prosperity in runaway matches. The truth is, the everlasting money question dominates all else in a world which finds it exceedingly convenient and comfortable to have a balance at its banker's. If the love of money is the root of all evil, I tell you the present unrivalled age is morally in a pretty bad way."

"Do you hold, then," inquired the Curate, with a well-feigned air of impersonality,—“do you hold there are no such things as love-matches?”

Crimsoning to the eyes the young lady classic cast him a ravishing glance as though to say, “We know better, don't we?” and then immediately lowered her eyes.

“Only the man who has been through the mill knows how the wheels pinch,” replied Solomon. “I am very well aware that when this or that Royalty or grandee gets married, the newspapers look out their floweriest language to tell us it was a love match pure and simple, because that is the correct thing to say. How is a scribe mewed up in a dingy office in Fleet Street to tell whether it is a love-match or not? For aught he knows the transaction may be as sordid as the haggling and huckstering of a pawnbroker. But it gratifies the public sentiment to say it is a love-match, and he says it without compunction. The family lawyers could perhaps tell another tale. Say what you will, legal documents don't go harmoniously with love's young dream. Parchments are dry fare for Cupid.”

“Perhaps,” remarked the Colonel, “it is necessary to safeguard an affection too blindly devoted to think of anything but its own divine rapture. Cool, legal and paternal heads are then useful. It was

asked of old who was ever wise and in love?”

“And as in other forms of insanity the patient has to be put into a strait waistcoat,” laughed Solomon. “In other words, those who have got over the fever themselves take care of the unfortunates who are still in its throes. Well, that's charitable at any rate. It is just conceivable that in the first wild intoxication of happiness, dare I say the delirium of infatuation——?”

“No, sir, you had better not,” put in the Colonel with remarkable vigour. “Let me remind you, my dear sir,” he added more gently, “that everything is not revealed to babes and hid from the wise and prudent. Love, sir, is not infatuation, as I hope you will one day discover to your intense surprise and joy. Meantime, may I recommend you to read the poets on the subject? They are the great masters and exponents of the human heart, a thing that is mysterious and desperately hard to make out.”

“Thank you,” returned Solomon glibly. “If ever I have time I will. For the present, if you had allowed me to proceed, I meant to say that young affection being entranced with itself would naturally neglect so trivial a thing as cash. So others do it in the family interest.”

“Montaigne,” said the Colonel, following his own train of thought, “has an acute remark to the effect that not poverty but abundance creates avarice. That seems to me quite worthy of the preceptor of Shakespeare. Have you ever seen a miser who had not wherewith to be miserly, or an avaricious man who had not a store to increase?”

“Whence it follows,” quoth Solomon, “on the principle of like to like, that it's the rich girl who most generally desires to marry riches. Well, I fancy that's a fact. Our Sociologists are for ever lamenting the reckless, improvident marriages of the poor. They, wretched silly things, marry whether they have money or not—to the material detriment of all who pay rates and taxes. That sort of headlong, headstrong affection doesn't always make an earthly paradise. I am not going to blame any girl for looking to ways and means, or desiring to possess a husband able to make ends meet comfortably—after her little foibles in dress and pleasure have been paid for. If a woman can get through life on easy terms by judicious care at the start, why shouldn't she?”

The Critic on the Hearth

There may be more than one answer to that question also, I remarked. You may remember the little story of James Keith, one of Frederick the Great's marshals, and the young French lady who became known as Madame de Créquy. They first met when both were very young, and the lady long afterwards described their experiences and emotions. Be good enough to hand me down that volume by Hill Burton. Thank you; with your permission I will read the brief passage in which she makes the late confession. "We began," she says, "by looking at one another, first with surprise, then with interest, and at last with emotion." You perceive the three steps—surprise, interest, emotion. "Next," she proceeds, "we used to listen to the conversation of each other without being able to understand a word, and then" (the case becoming desperate) "neither could speak at all in the presence of the other, owing to our voices trembling and then failing us altogether." By and by, however, they found their tongues, and matters were arranged to their mutual joy. But at the eleventh hour something happened and they parted. The young lady married M. de Créquy, and James Keith went soldiering in Russia and Prussia and perhaps elsewhere. Half-a-century later they met again; and the gallant old soldier presented his youthful love with some verses in which there was something about white hairs covering an old wound. Possibly the marshal learned the art of poetry as well as of war from Frederick, despite the jeers of Heine. But I cite the incident for the sake of Madam's account of that meeting in old age. Here is what she says:—

"When we met again after the lapse of so many years, we made a discovery which equally surprised and affected us both. There is a world of difference between the love which has endured throughout a lifetime and that which has burned fiercely in our youth and then paused. In the latter case time has not yet laid bare defects, nor taught the bitter lesson of mutual failings; a delusion has subsisted on both sides which experience has not destroyed, and delighting in the idea of each other's perfection, that thought has seemed to smile on both with unspeakable sweetness, till, when we meet in a grey old age, feelings so tender, so pure, so solemn, arise, that they can be compared to no other sentiments or impressions of which our nature is capable."

There you have the old glamour revived, though the colours have the pathos of evening rather than the vividness and freshness of the morning. But the point is, that there

is a nobility, I had almost said a sublimity, in our nature which wears well and is not subject to the fluctuations of worldly fortune. For conscientious reasons the lady broke off the match; but she did not forget where it was an honour to remember. Carlyle mentions Keith with praise as a man of good Scotch "sagacities and veracities," and deservedly a favourite with Frederick. One must add that critics have denied the truth of the pretty love tale, calling both the marshal's verses and the lady's reminiscences mere forgeries. But if the tale is not true it ought to be true.

"It is true," said the Colonel, with a quickness and emphasis unusual with him. "Whether true in that particular instance or not it is true of human nature in general. As for the denial of the critics, what do they not deny? A metaphysician will prove to you with the greatest clearness and ease that you are under a complete delusion in supposing you exist at all. One by one the great men of history and tradition are being wiped out. Very soon there will be nothing left but a general void—tenanted by crowing critics. How hollow their crowing will sound. Meanwhile, plain men and women continue to strive, achieve, fail, enjoy, suffer, and believe, in spite of the negation of critics. As to the question in hand, it occurs to me that a gross injustice is often done to innocent and praiseworthy young ladies. When a girl marries money, as the saying is, does she marry money alone? Is it not possible she may be just as deeply and sincerely in love as if her lover had not a shilling? In one of his 'Bab Ballads' Mr. W. S. Gilbert makes a humorous plea for the rich, remarking that hearts as tender and true may beat in Mayfair as ever beat in Whitechapel or Seven Dials. Like all genuine humour, that is founded on truth. The rich girl marrying the rich man may be as honestly in love as the flower-girl who accepts fate without a sixpence. On the other hand, if it were permissible, I could give you from my own limited experience many instances of wealthy girls marrying poor men—because they discovered them to be men of worth."

"Oh, thank you," cried the young lady classic, her eyes glistening with eagerness.

"My dear," responded the Colonel, with a paternal smile, "I often wish we could abolish money altogether. It is the cause of more strife, hatred, envy, meanness and uncharitable thoughts and deeds than all

The Critic on the Hearth

other things combined. But as that is an impossible ideal, let us ask whether young ladies are alone in contemplating matrimony as a means of advancement, financial and social? Do aspiring young gentlemen with an eye to the main chance never reach out the hand to grasp the peach on the wall above them?"

"And why not," demanded Solomon, "if the peach is there to be taken?"

"Why not, indeed?" said the Colonel, "if honour and conscience be satisfied! It is surely to the advantage of society and the nation that worth should mate with worth, whether there be wealth on one side and a plentiful lack of it on the other, or whether there be wealth on both sides. Only let care be taken that the sentiment on which the contract is founded is genuine and such as will wear well."

"Suppose," said Solomon in his quizzical way, "that a man falls in love but is not in what is called a position to marry, what then? Is he to suck his thumbs, hang the head and pine, or challenge fate by putting happiness and fortune to the hazard?"

That, I put in, would depend at least as much on the object of his affections (to use an old-fashioned phrase) as on him. If there is reasonable hope of betterment, in other words if his prospects are good and he finds encouragement, then by all means let him burn his boats and go forward. Young people have sometimes extravagant ideas of what is necessary for a start in the matrimonial partnership. Thackeray married on £400 a year (after losing £20,000) and never regretted it. Trollope, a post-office official, married on £800 and called himself a fool, though not with much conviction. It is all a question of taste and the personal equation. As we all know to our cost, life has become much more expensive since Thackeray's day. Where £400 sufficed then £1000 would scarcely suffice now. There can be no question that many an eligible and estimable man is frightened out of marriage by the costly tastes and habits of the young ladies of the day. A reform in the direction of simplicity in feminine dress and pleasure is one of the most pressing needs of the time. As a nation we fail to distinguish between the essentials and the non-essentials of life. Very often in our confusion of thought and distortion of view we confound them, setting on high that which should be low, and low that which should be high. It is easy

to contract expensive habits; it is less easy to drop them though the necessity be pressing. For many years, for many generations, one may truthfully say, the middle and upper classes of English youth of both sexes have given themselves over to the pursuit of pleasure which in one form or another is the worship of Mammon.

"Oh," cried Solomon, in the tone of one who is sure of his case, "they know that in spite of moralists and preachers money is the one earthly thing which will procure them most earthly enjoyment."

"Is it not possible they are mistaken?" asked the Colonel.

It is not only possible but probable, not only probable but certain. We know that all things are as you look at them. What is felicity to one is misery to another. People are enslaved by fashion and custom. I don't greatly admire Henry Thoreau. Like George Borrow he had a huge admixture of the quack in his composition. But one thing he did courageously when others only wished and sighed—he lived the life he desired to live, caring not a straw for the world's judgment. If we were all to do what is appropriate and rational rather than what we fancy will excite the admiration and the envy of our neighbours, moralists would have fewer opportunities to moralise on the failures and catastrophes of life.

What has all that to do with girls and marriage, whether for love or money?

I answer, everything. Be just as well as critical. It is not always the mercenary spirit which prompts a young lady to make what is called a good match. She likes a nice wedding and a nice house—to use her own epithets. While arching our superior, reproachful eyebrows, let us not forget that she is precisely what we have made her, and that the very faults we condemn in her are copied or derived from us. It would be wholesome for us all to remember that her most disagreeable qualities (when she happens to have any) are the most stringent criticism on ourselves. When I see a mercenary daughter I know that somewhere in the background there is a mercenary mother. Young people take the world very much as they find it; they may indeed accentuate its imperfections, but they do not create them.

"Thank you so much," said the young lady classic, with a look of gratitude; "as the old bird sings the young one learns."

Women's Interests

Hospitality

THE keenest pleasure in the world comes from sympathetic human intercourse. We do not need to be young to feel that a day's journey is as nothing if at the end of it there are the friendly face and voice, and the intimate talk about the thing that makes our happiness, or that, if not removed, will make our grief. But talk that does not touch or stir us, that never catches on the outstanding points of interest and intelligence, of which the duller possess some, is insufferable; and it does not matter where we are overtaken by it, in the home or the class-room or the church, indifference covers us like a garment, we say "yes" apathetically because "no" would involve controversy, and controversy is valueless where there is no ground of mutual agreement.

The happy young expect universal sympathy in their joys, tell of their pleasures and hopes to every casual acquaintance, and only learn reserve when life has taught them some of its lessons; when the lessons are many and severe reserve becomes like a well-venered case over emotion. There is hope in the thought that the most commonplace people would be exceedingly interesting if we could reach the inner bit that really lives. What good can result from intercourse which is like the contact of marbles in a bag, where by accident one rubs against another and slips past unimpressed? There is somewhat to be said in favour of the maid-servant who delivered to the family bore a message never intended by her employer, who had fled to the garden with the words, "Say I'm out." "Mistress has gone to the garden," said the conscientious abigail, "because she does not wish to see you." "Then I will not come again," said the mightily offended visitor, to which the honest one replied without any consciousness of misdoing, "I think that would be better."

Hospitality is the kindest thing in the world when it is genuine, and not a mere social debt, to be paid with some reluctance, first by the one side and then by the other. Home should be the sanctuary of the heart, the shell within which all that is sensitive, all that is vulnerable in us takes refuge. To open it that another may come in beside the very life of us, what can be more generous, more confiding! It is like the old usage of the loving cup, when each man who drank went off guard certain that his neighbour would protect him.

Ideal hospitality is for the joy of host and guest alike, at least it should be for the joy of one; we should entertain either because we love our visitor, or because we wish to increase happiness that is possibly intermittent. I know the owner of a beautiful home whose visitors—meaning those guests who come to stay for a time—were always what her neighbours called "rubbish," poorish and elderly people, to whom the spacious house and grounds were like fairy-land; superannuated governesses or governesses out of a situation, the spinster members of overgrown families, students whose long journey home would be costly, and more of the noble army of the not well-to-do. It was true, one never met there anybody who had done anything, or had a name that was known beyond the owner's own limited circle, but the joy of those hospitalities was a genuine joy, radiating round giver and recipient alike.

Fired by this beautiful and encouraging example, a friend of hers decided once to invite some of the socially halt and blind for Christmas, but this intending benefactress received no encouragement at home. "If they come in, I go out," said the master of the house. Doubtless duty hospitalities are hard for the men of the family, when they feel they ought to be civil and the guests are ladies, deaf perhaps and either conversationally dull, or insatiably anxious to be taken about and entertained. But still, vacating the premises is an extreme form of protest. "Why should you be good at my expense?" inquired irate paterfamilias; "when my day's work is over, I want to get peace." This suggested that even in virtuous dealing there may be counter claims.

In the country visitors are usually depended upon to create in some measure the interests attendant on their visit. They have seen what is newest, may be expected to possess what is latest, their presence is expected to impress the less liked of the neighbours, and in some cases to arouse a not always avoided envy and uncharitableness. But alas, the town visitor sometimes impresses the best-beloved neighbours also, and when she eclipses all competitors, eclipses her hostess and the family too. The friendship that survives, that is indeed a hardy growth. I have seen hostesses as anxious to say good-bye to a cordially-invited guest as was poor Mrs. Amos Barton to get rid of the Countess whom she had not invited with any special warmth.

It is the dweller in a popular centre, however, that suffers most from the guest who comes too often and stays too long. Some come knowing they are trespassing, but not caring for anything beyond the opportunity of establishing themselves. These ought to be stopped, and sometimes the reluctant hostess has the courage to do this, and sometimes not. I heard of a lady—and the tale was true—who visited a reluctant sister-in-law sixteen times in successive years, coming to stay. The latter, finally driven to desperation, determined to visit back, but she was starved out, and the way it was accomplished was this. The guest was taken to drive or walk daily, and had a snack to go on with before starting. On their return it was never the hour for a regular meal, and then they had more snacks. Four days of this, and then a pallid lady went home. I never heard if she was visited a seventeenth time, but I think not. Her first revolt was final.

When I was at Rome a lady asked me casually what I was there for. I replied that I had come to see the Eternal City. She said she had come to get rid of visitors from the country, and the tale she unfolded with the utmost vivacity was certainly grievous enough. "Because I have a flat in a central part of London, and am an unprotected female, everybody I know claimed me when I was inexperienced, and, not seeing the drift of things, I permitted it. A nineteenth cousin would write and ask, could I put her and John and Louisa up during a little visit to town, and I, being then like George Washington, said I could, and did not dare to say I would not. Then they would ask me to secure tickets for this and that, and they would never pay for these. I assure you, not even men would pay me for the

Women's Interests

tickets they ordered." I suggested that these strange people were relatives, and she said of course, or relatives of relatives. "And they require me by asking me down to some beastly hole in the country"—she said beastly—"where you never see a soul from morning till night but the postman, or hear anything more interesting than parish matters, and they think that an equivalent. I take them to hear Patti or Kubelik, and they take me to hear the lowings of the brindled cow, or ask me to make tea at the school treat. This spring I let my flat, and I am going to do it every year as long as I live."

* * * * *

Many people never think of hotels as their reasonable abode when they want to see London, or to stop in it; if they have thought of lodgings, they decide these would not be comfortable. The only option then is the house of a relative. Now there is one thing it is necessary to say:—that not even to the house of the fondest parents has son or daughter a right to come for a protracted visit unless he or she comes alone. Even after years of absence the son or daughter will fall back into his old niche in the family after a time, and may spend even a year's holiday thus, but the son-in-law or daughter-in-law is not part of the family, and never can be regarded as such, and to bring these uninvited is to trespass. It requires heroism on the part of an affectionate parent to indicate this. In the country the intrusion may be endured, but town nerves are not equal to the strain. I know more than one woman who has died of the long visit of even a beloved child, and the entire household she brought with her; while in other cases the younger female members of the regular family have been turned into vixens, or the junior males into bears, according as the "in-law" was male or female.

* * * * *

But then there are the dear relatives whom it is so difficult to induce to come to us, who love their own home, and who admit that they have acquired little "ways," and who if they did come would consider us, would fear to be troublesome, would pity us for our many cares and the claims on us, and would think of us still as the children, though to the later generation we are veterans. All our care is for them, that they shall be happy, shall be taken care of, made confident of our prosperity and good fortune, not to glorify ourselves, but for their peace of mind. But is it not mutual love, mutual good-will, mutual consideration that render all human relationships sweet? Losing thought of ourselves in thought for others of like mind, we find ourselves, and in ourselves the deepest joy of existence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

LITERARY

F. P. B.—There are many openings available for clever writing, never so many as to-day; when you have found one of these it will rest in some measure with yourself to what use you apply it. But journalism is not an easy calling, nor are all those that pursue it the salt of the earth. A useful book on journalism is entitled *How to Become a Journalist*; it was published some years ago by Sampson Low & Co.

Allan-a-Dale.—The essential for quick success in

story writing is the power to produce plenty of incident. If you have the power of character delineation, that will develop as the other faculty writes itself out. For beginners, incident should be the main object of quest.

PERSONAL

M. B.—Eastern physicians refer all ailments other than wounds or broken bones to the digestive tract; in the West there is another cause of serious ill, chills. Apart from these two sources of misery, one internal, the other external, most people would live long, and, being healthy, would be happy. The majority of girls wear too little clothing in cold weather, or sit in damp or draughty places in hot weather, hence chills to the surface of the skin, which react on important organs and derange their functions. It is very difficult for young people, or much older people for the matter of that, to be-think them continually of their health, but we can acquire habits, such as never to sit down with damp feet, always to take an extra wrap when going for an open-air drive, and never to sit between open windows whether in the house or in a train, so that they become mechanical. Have the wet feet been an unavoidable accident, then a hot foot-bath at the earliest moment will do much to obviate the risk incurred. With regard to dyspepsia, that which will not be cured by thorough mastication of food is rarely encountered. Food should never be swallowed, by those who desire to keep well, until it is in a condition of pulp; even soft foods should be masticated, as the salivary glands play an important part in digestion. Let any one suffering from dyspepsia try the perfect-mastication system for a single week and see what comes of it. Another general rule for dyspeptics is never to take a second cup of tea from any one under any circumstances. Not one person in a hundred ever thinks of pouring made tea into a second warm teapot, and the result is that the tea which has stood for ten or more minutes on the leaves is bad for any one, and, for dyspeptic or nervous people, absolute poison. Even in the best tea-rooms and clubs tea is served with the leaves, unless a request to the contrary is a part of the order. A third important item in good health is abundant fresh air, though I cannot think neglect of it is as inimical to health as neglect of either of the other two conditions. The Germans, for example, trouble themselves very little about fresh air, feel draughts, or say they do, if ever so little window is opened in a train, and at home breathe the same air over and over again in stove-heated rooms provided with double windows, which usually have sandbags in addition round the sashes. I am not aware that Germans are specially subject to lung troubles, though by all our laws of health they ought to be. Perhaps the public-garden life in summer counteracts the winter's close atmosphere. Anæmia is one result of want of fresh air and exercise. Iron taken internally, either in liquid or globule form, is a stay against anæmia, but better still is exercise. Of condensed exercise available for people who must live a great deal indoors I hope to say something useful in the next issue of *The Leisure Hour*.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

The Capital of Australia

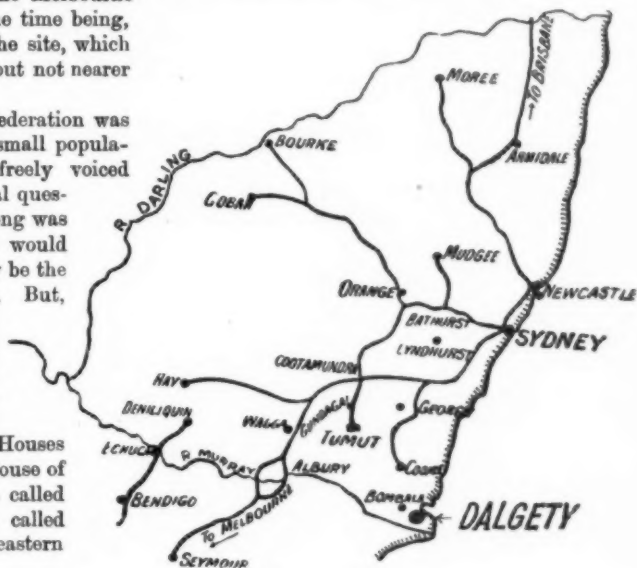
THE question of the future capital has been a difficult and delicate one from the beginning. Sydney and Melbourne are unfortunately not exempt from that peculiar form of jealousy which afflicts rival cities the world over, and it was soon apparent that some kind of compromise would have to be made, as neither place would willingly be accepted as the permanent capital. Ultimately it was decided to make Melbourne the Federal head-quarters for the time being, and as early as possible select the site, which should be in New South Wales, but not nearer to Sydney than 100 miles.

As soon as it was seen that Federation was going to be a costly thing for a small population, a feeling arose and was freely voiced against proceeding with the capital question at all for some years. So strong was that feeling that I think many would have been prepared to let Sydney be the seat of Government for all time. But, on the other hand, there were those who claimed that as the Constitution provided for the selection, it must be gone on with at the earliest date. On the first attempt to settle matters, the two Houses were hopelessly at variance, the House of Representatives selecting a place called Tumut, and the Senate a place called Bombala, both in the south-eastern district.

The question was postponed till after the election, with the result that when the new Houses settled down to consider it, finality was quickly reached. Tumut was dropped, and both agreed on a site at a place called Dalgety, which is in the same district as Bombala—the original choice of the Senate. But though the selection has been made the matter has not reached the stage at which we can arise and build, for complicated negotiations have to be entered upon with the State Government of New South Wales for the transference of the Federal capital territory, and this will take some time.

The Federal Parliament desires that the territory should consist of 900 square miles and should have access to the sea. The selected site is in the extreme corner of New South Wales on the banks of the Snowy River, a very

fine stream, close to the Victorian border and within easy reach of Twofold Bay. The country is of granite formation, the soil of fair quality and well grassed. The contour of the country on both sides of the river is described as eminently suitable for the laying out of the city, while the distance from Sydney is 296 miles and from Melbourne 353. The highest mountain in Australia—Kosciusko—will form a splendid background to the city, as the high range in which



THE CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA

it stands the most prominent landmark is only forty miles away.

Doubtless a commencement will be made as soon as possible with the plans of the city, and the preparations for the construction of the Parliament Buildings, Government House, the Law Courts, etc., but it is to be hoped that, in view of the great financial burdens resting upon the people already, our legislators will only sanction what is absolutely necessary and even over this will hasten slowly.—A. J. W.

Sunday Sports in Australia

WE have received the following from a Queensland correspondent, dated June 13, 1904 :—

“The writer would bring under your notice

Over-Sea Notes

the par. 'Sunday Cricket in Kalgoorlie,' on p. 956, Sept. number, 1903, in which F. S. S. states that 'It is, happily, unique in the whole of Australasia.' I regret to say that it is very far from being unique, as in this State football, etc. is played on Sundays in a number of large towns; and on Gympie and Charters Towers, the two big mining centres, the big games are all played on Sundays; and not only has the writer refused to act or officiate in games, but also, to their everlasting credit, the Queensland Rugby Union Committee have refused to allow any of its teams to visit these places and play on Sundays. Whilst I was acting as President of the Queensland Referees Association, many applications were made for us to send Referees to Gympie, but I am pleased to say our refusals were unanimous."—A. G. FAULKNER (past Referee of Q. R. Union).

The First Australian Labour Ministry

THE Labour Ministry has come and gone. They occupied the Treasury benches for four months and have been succeeded by the Reid-McLean Cabinet. This is the fourth ministry we have had during three and a half years, and no one can tell how long it will stand, as its majority is a very small one, from an actual two to a possible five. The minority is composed of an equal number of Free Traders selected by the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. G. H. Reid, and an equal number of Protectionists selected by his chief colleague, the Hon. A. McLean, a late Premier of Victoria. The ministry itself is a very strong one and by far the most intellectual one we have had yet. It is composed of men of great debating power, of skill in finance, of long experience in public life, and all of sterling character; but without a stable majority at its back the ablest of ministries will fall.

Meanwhile, the chief figure is the Prime Minister, for long the well-known leader of the Free Trade party in New South Wales. Mr. Reid, who is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, came to Victoria in early youth from Scotland, the land of his birth, and was for a time in Melbourne, where his father ministered to two congregations. He afterwards removed to Sydney, where for many years he has been a chief figure in politics, and one of the leaders of the Bar. In taking office he makes an immense sacrifice, as his practice must necessarily be curtailed meanwhile.

He is without doubt the most popular speaker in Australia, no man being able to draw such

audiences as he. His imperturbability and good-humour are such that he is a perfect master of an audience, especially if it be a hostile one. No one here has his wonderful gift for dealing with interjections, and very few men can hit a man hard from the platform and at the same time make the man himself laugh at the cleverness of the answer with which he has been disabled. This the Prime Minister can do to perfection.

Mr. McLean, who is his "equal in all things" colleague, is the pawkiest of Scotsmen, a liberal Roman Catholic of Highland ancestry, one of the most trusted of our public men, and in spite of his permanent lameness through rheumatism, which necessitates the constant use of crutches, one of our hardest workers in public life.—A. J. W.

The Death of Christian Democracy

ONE of the organisations most discussed under the pontificate of Leo XIII. was Christian Democracy, which, notwithstanding the attacks from all sides, the aged Pontiff continued to uphold and defend, thinking it necessary for the Church to assume in the eyes of the masses an ultra-democratic attitude, although merely apparent, to keep them within the fold. The constant leader in opposing this innovation, which was called a leap in the dark, was, as usual, Cardinal Oreglia di Santo Stefano. He went so far that, during the last audience granted by Leo XIII. to the Sacred College, in March 1903, on the anniversary of Leo's coronation, in reading the address of felicitation he denounced what he called the "demoni-cristiani" (Christian devils), instead of the "democratici-cristiani" (Christian democrats). Leo XIII. was so angry that he refused to answer, so much so that the rumour circulated that he had fainted, but a communication on the subject appeared the same evening in the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican organ, confirming the principles attacked. Short-sighted observers when Cardinal Sarto was elected Pope thought that under him Christian Democracy would have a greater support and a larger development than under his predecessor. They little knew that the opinions and ideas of the new Pope would have to give way to those of the intransigent and reactionary elements, so well personified in his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val. So Christian Democracy, which Cardinal Sarto had approved, helped, and encouraged, has been destroyed in the name of Pope Sarto.—I. C.

At Breakfast
Do not dull
 the
Sleep-refreshed
Brain

by loading the stomach with heavy meats and uncooked porridges.

Far better

Keep it fresh
 by using
Grape-Nuts

with cream or milk.

This food never over-heats or burdens the digestive organs, and is a powerful brain and muscle builder.

No Breakfast Table
 complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable Food of the
 Finest quality and flavour.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious
 and Economical.



"Indispensable for the open-air girl."
'PIRLE' Costumes

Do not **SPOT** or **COCKLE** with **RAIN**.

"Hearth and Home" says:—"FOR ALL WEATHERS. One word should be in the mouth of those who are about to buy gowns for outdoor wear—is the material 'Pirle' finished? If so, it will not spot or cockle, rain has no effect upon it, and even sea-water fails to mark."



FROM THE LEADING DRAPERS,
 or full particulars from E. RIPLEY & SON, Ltd.,
 100c Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Flannelette.

If purchasers of this useful material for underwear all the year round would buy the best English make, which can be obtained from all leading drapers, they would avoid the risks they undoubtedly run with the inferior qualities of Flannelette.

Horrockses' Flannelettes

(made by the Manufacturers of the celebrated
 Longcloths, Twills and Sheetings)

are the best.

"HORROCKSES" stamped on selvedge
 every 5 yards.

[To Face Matter.

ANÆMIA.

By MRS. ADA S. BALLIN,

Editor of "Womanhood," and of "Baby: the Mothers' Magazine."

ANÆMIA, or bloodlessness, is one of the commonest troubles of the present age—so common, in fact, that it seems to me that quite two-thirds of the girls one comes in contact with in towns are affected with it. The complaint can hardly be called a disease in the ordinary sense of the word, but is rather a debilitated state of the body, which lays it open to the attacks of most other kinds of diseases.

Symptoms.

The condition in question is characterised by a deficiency in the number of red corpuscles in the blood. There is very often pallor of the cheeks and lips, but in some cases there may be of a natural colour, and lead even the patient to believe that she is not anæmic, when the real state of the case can instantly be discovered by examining the gums and the insides of the eyelids. These, instead of being of a good deep pink, are pale and yellowish-looking. The tongue is apt to be pale and flabby, and indented by the teeth; the sufferer is readily fatigued, troubled with breathlessness on going up and down stairs; she very often suffers from palpitation or pains about the heart, which may lead her to believe that she is suffering from some disease of the heart. She suffers frequently from headache, pains in the back, and languor, and soon becomes very tired by any little unusual exertion. She may even faint, and thus cause considerable anxiety to her family. There are frequent eruptions on the skin, which may be either of an irritating kind, or simply acne either in the form of blackheads or pimples, or both.

There are two kinds of anæmia—one the common kind of which I have spoken, and another called pernicious anæmia, which is a fatal disease, and most difficult of treatment, but is happily rare.

Pernicious Anæmia.

In such cases there is wasting, and yellowishness of the skin, which assumes an almost transparent waxen hue; but these cases, of course, demand the most skilled medical attention and nursing within reach, and do not come within the province of this paper. I may, however, remark that the best remedy to improve the condition of the blood in these cases, which is now being very largely prescribed by the medical profession, is Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen, manufactured by Messrs. Nicolay and Co., 36, St. Andrew's Hill, London, E.C.,* which contains, in a purified form, hæmoglobin, the natural colouring matter of the blood, rich in organic iron and albumen, as well as the mineral salts, including the phosphates of soda and potash which are found in meat. It is far better to give a preparation like this, which is a food and nourishes the blood, than to give iron in a mineral form, which so often upsets the digestion. Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen also contains chemically pure glycerine, which is in itself nourishing.

Ordinary Anæmia

Is a condition of everyday occurrence, in which the doctor is rarely called in, or if he is, he just prescribes for the time being, and after a few weeks the patient is apt to get as bad again. Any line of treatment for ordinary cases of anæmia must be persistently applied, and, although occasional visits to the doctor, if there seems anything out of the way amiss, are desirable, the treatment can only be properly carried out at home.

The Causes.

The causes of anæmia are chiefly bad ventilation, insufficient or unsuitable feeding, want of exercise, and sedentary occupations, or that overwork of the brain just now so common in young ladies at high schools and preparing for examinations.

General Management of Health during Anæmia.

All anæmic persons should be in the fresh air as much as possible, so that the blood may become oxygenated, and an anæmic girl who is not really ill should take exercise for at least an hour twice daily. Walking, cycling, swimming (if the heart is not weak), rowing, and tennis are all suitable. Eight hours' sleep is not too much, as the brain, being badly supplied with blood, needs extra rest, and in some cases even nine hours' sleep may be indulged in with advantage. The bedroom, however, should be well ventilated, and here I may mention that it is a great mistake to keep a gas jet burning, as it destroys the oxygen in the air; anæmic persons need very much oxygen, which is essential to keep the blood pure. In order to keep the blood pure also, the skin should be kept healthily active, and a daily bath is essential.

Meals should be regular, and in many cases it is desirable to take extra nourishment between the ordinary meals. Plenty of meat and green vegetables should be taken, cocoa instead of tea, and wholemeal bread instead of white.

Iron as a Medicine.

Iron is a food to all anæmic persons, and must not be regarded by them as a medicine only to be taken temporarily, for in most cases it is necessary to persevere in taking iron for a period varying from two months to five or six years. I am strongly opposed to the ordinary methods of giving iron in anæmia, which are very frequently worse than useless, as the iron is so often decomposed, or in a form that is indigestible, when the patient takes it; while when given in a pill such as Bland's pill, it is apt to pass through the body quite undigested, and a patient might as well swallow a bullet. As ordinarily given, also, iron is very apt to cause constipation, and for these reasons Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen, which I have mentioned above, should invariably be given in preference to other preparations. It is best to begin with a teaspoonful dose, taken half-an-hour after breakfast and half-an-hour before lunch and dinner. The object for giving it before meals is to stimulate the appetite and assist the assimilation of other food, but if taken before breakfast it is apt to prove rather aperient. In cases, therefore, where the girl has a tendency to constipation, it is a very simple remedy to take the Hæmatogen half-an-hour before breakfast, as well as before the other meals. The dose should be gradually increased to a tablespoonful. When this is taken for a few weeks the effect is really remarkable; the quality of the blood rapidly improves, the sallow cheeks grow rosy, and the pale lips red, while the feelings of languor and depression pass off, and the girl grows cheerful, bright, and fit to take her place in the world.

*To be obtained of Chemists, price 2/6 per bottle.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Heights of Sea Waves

ALTHOUGH the popular conception of "waves running mountains high" during a storm at sea has been shown to be merely a figure of speech by many experienced observers, few exact determinations have been made of the height to which storm waves may rise. Dr. Vaughan Cornish, who makes a special study of waves of all kinds, has, however, recently described in the Royal Geographical Society's Journal the facts available on the subject, and has supplemented them with his own measures. Taking the height of a wave to be the vertical distance from the crest to the trough, it appears that the average height of all the waves running in a gale in the open sea is about twenty feet. Occasionally, of course, larger waves are encountered; but even in a severe gale the greatest waves only measure about forty feet from crest to hollow. It is true that the accumulation of several waves may produce the "topping seas" sixty feet high or possibly more, described by some travellers, but in the open seas the average height of the wave produced during very severe gales may be taken as twenty feet, with thirty feet occasional waves; and in the oceans the average is thirty feet high and the limit forty-five feet. Impressions of waves one hundred feet in height cannot be accepted until they are supported by accurate measurements. An interesting fact brought out by systematic observations made by French seamen of the navy and merchant service during a period of about forty years, in almost all parts of the oceans, is that the height of the wave in feet is about one-half the velocity of the wind in statute miles per hour. Even in a gale approaching a hurricane the velocity of the wind rarely exceeds sixty miles an hour, so the average wave in an open sea running before such a wind is about thirty feet.

Common Salt

AN instructive account of the sources and production of salt in the United States is given by Prof. G. P. Merrill in an annual report of the U. S. National Museum, from which the accompanying illustrations have been reproduced. Salt is now manufactured from brines or mined as rock-salt in fifteen States of the Union, the amount produced annually being about three million tons. At Syracuse, New York State, which is one of the chief sources of supply, the salt is obtained from natural brines which are raised by pumps and flow in a continuous stream



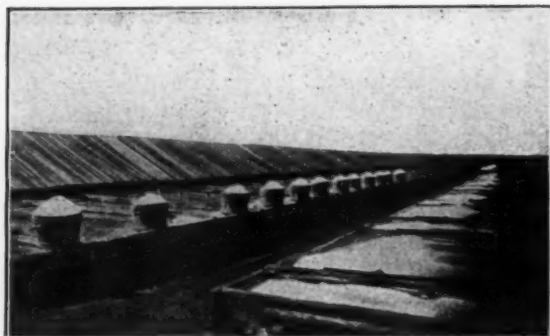
From a photograph by

Dr. Vaughan Cornish

A GALE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

into tanks where coarse sediment is deposited. The clear liquid is then allowed to flow into a set of large shallow pans, and permitted to evaporate under the influence of the sun's rays until small crystals of salt appear. When this occurs, the concentrated brine is drawn off into a third set of tanks, and as the water evaporates salt is deposited. When the layer of salt thus obtained is about three inches thick it is drawn up the sloping sides of the pans by means of long-handled scrapers and put into tubs with perforated bottoms to drain, after which it is taken to the storage bins. In England, as is well known, the chief sources of supply of salt are brine springs in Worcestershire and Cheshire, but the liquid, containing about twenty-two per cent. of

Science and Discovery



EVAPORATING TANKS AND DRAINING TUBS FILLED WITH SALT AT SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



SALT FROM BRINE-EVAPORATING TANKS AT SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

salt, is boiled in pans for about thirty hours instead of being exposed to slow evaporation as at Syracuse. A sediment of other salts is thus accumulated at the bottom of the pan, and is raked away. The liquid is then allowed to cool until crystals of common salt begin to appear, and when this temperature is reached it is maintained for several days while the salt is forming.

Bread from an Egyptian Temple

DURING the last excavation season in Egypt a temple which appears to be the most ancient at Thebes, dating back to about 2500 B.C., was excavated by Professor Naville and Mr. H. R. Hall, near the great temple of Deir el-Bahari. In the course of the excavations a large number of votive offerings were found, which were originally devoted in the shrine of the great temple; and when the shrine became too full were thrown down by the sacristans into the space between the temples, which thus became a refuse heap. From this heap many interesting objects have been recovered, including a copper chisel with hardened edge, and specimens of palm-fruit, nuts, reeds, and shells, dating to about 1500 B.C. One of the most remarkable objects found is a perfect three-cornered loaf of unleavened bread of the same date. Bread intended for the use of the



POLAR LIGHTS OBSERVED IN THE ANTARCTIC

dead was enclosed in Egyptian tombs, and has previously been found, some specimens being unleavened, in the form of flat cakes, and others leavened. This ancient bread, like that from lake dwellings in Lake Neuchatel, and the fragments of old Roman bread from Aosta, was made from barley, which is the oldest cereal known.

Polar Lights

OBSERVATIONS of northern or southern lights form an important part of the work of Arctic and Antarctic expeditions organised for scientific purposes. Auroras are occasionally seen at places in the British Isles, but they occur most frequently in higher latitudes, and are almost

is due to electric discharges in the upper air, and there are reasons for believing that these are caused by disturbances on the sun. From an extensive study of the phenomenon, Dr. C. Nordmann has arrived at the conclusion that it is due to electric waves emanating from the sun and affecting the atmospheric electricity of the earth. The sun must thus be regarded as sending us waves of electricity as well as waves of light.

Decorative Electric Illumination

PROBABLY the most elaborate exhibition of spectacular illumination by electricity to be seen anywhere in the world is at Coney Island—the popular watering-place of New York City.



ELECTRIC ILLUMINATIONS AT CONEY ISLAND, PART OF LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

(View of the Dreamland Tower and other buildings.)

unknown within the tropics. Among the various forms presented by the polar lights is that of luminous streamers represented in the accompanying illustration from a report of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition. The direction of the streamers is in every case parallel to that in which a freely-suspended magnetic needle sets itself at the place of observation. A connexion with the earth's magnetic condition is thus suggested, and additional evidence of this bond of relationship is afforded by the fact that telegraphic instruments are often violently disturbed during brilliant auroral displays. But it must not be supposed that the polar lights cause the disturbances of needles at telegraph stations any more than that the needles produce the auroras. Both effects are due to some external influence, the exact nature of which has still to be determined. The polar light itself

During the present year, the use of the electric incandescent lamp for decorative purposes has been very greatly extended, and the effects produced are of a most striking character, as may be judged from the accompanying picture reproduced from a photograph taken at night. The tower in the centre of the picture is 260 ft. high, and is distinctly and brilliantly visible from the Jersey coast, twenty miles away. In this tower and the rooms connected with it there are more incandescent lamps than are used in many large cities, and as many as were utilised in the whole of Coney Island last year. The electricity is generated at a distant station by the Brooklyn Edison Co., and is conveyed by high-tension transmission lines to Coney Island, where it is reduced to standard lighting pressure and distributed to the various buildings.

Varieties

A Letter of Heinrich Heine

PASTOR ERNEST ELSTER has recently published in the *Deutsche Rundschau* a letter from Heinrich Heine, the German poet, who, after a life of godlessness, turned to God in his closing years. The letter is addressed to his brother Maximilian, ten years his junior, and it concludes thus:—

"My dear Max, I have lately had few pleasant experiences at Hamburg.

"Our dear Charlotte has met with a great loss. Her little girl, our niece, is dead, the most lovable, intelligent, lively, and modest child you could find.

"The little one will be surprised when she sees her uncle soon arriving in heaven. For, dear Max, it is certain that there is a heaven; I see it since I have so great need of it because of the sorrows of earth.

"May all go well with you, my dearest brother; may the God of our fathers preserve you. Our fathers were strong and courageous men. They humbled themselves before God, and it was this that made them brave and fearless before men, capable of measuring themselves with all earthly powers. I, on the contrary, turned towards heaven a daring and hostile front, and I have been humbled, I have crawled before men, and at present I am lying on the ground like a crushed worm.

"Honour and praise to God in the highest!

"Your poor brother, HEINRICH HEINE."

"Dead as a Doornail"

CHARLES DICKENS, in one of his Christmas stories, ponders on the significance of the phrase, "As dead as a doornail." He asks gravely why a doornail should be regarded as so particularly lifeless; he suggests that it would be better to say, "As dead as a coffin-nail." A philologist of the Drexel Institute explained, the other day, the origin and the application of "as dead as a doornail." He said:—

"Dickens didn't know that a doornail and a nail in a door are different things. A doornail is a nail with a short shank and very wide head—a head two inches across—which used to be fixed in the upper and middle part of the wicket of any large outward door, to assist passively in producing the loud sounds created, as times changed, with a heavy rapper. The more active agent in this noise-making was a heavy ball of iron, suspended from above by a thong or string about six or eight inches long; and the person using this ball hammered with all his might on the broad-headed nail. The nail was supposed to be dead because, receiving so many blows on the head from an iron hammer, it was, if not previously defunct, surely defunct now, after so much ill usage.

"Had Dickens possessed this information about the doornail, he could never have written the amusing paragraphs concerning it that begin the *Christmas Carol*."—*American Paper*.

172

Christmas Cards

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS continue to lead the way in giving us artistic Christmas cards. This year's cards have never been surpassed in beauty. Their calendars and block calendars for 1905 are particularly attractive, and we may make special mention of a calendar with pictures in colour, entitled "Scenes from the Bible." Their Christmas postcards are of great variety. For the children, no more delightful present could be found than *Father Tuck's Annual*.

Astronomical Notes for December

THE Sun will be furthest south and vertical over the tropic of Capricorn about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 22nd, which is therefore the shortest day in the northern hemisphere, and the longest in the southern. He will rise, in the latitude of Greenwich, on the 1st inst., at 7h. 45m. in the morning, and set at 3h. 52m. in the evening; on the 11th he will rise at 7h. 57m., and set at 3h. 49m.; and on the 21st rise at 8h. 5m., and set at 3h. 51m. At the beginning of the month he will be on the meridian about 11 minutes before 12 by our clocks, then later each day until Christmas Day, after which he will pass the meridian after noon by the clocks by an increasing number of minutes, which is the reason that the evenings appear to become lighter before the mornings do. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases will be: New at 3h. 46m. on the morning of the 7th; First Quarter at 10h. 7m. on the night of the 14th; Full at 6h. 1m. on the evening of the 22nd; and Last Quarter at 3h. 46m. on that of the 29th. The Moon will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about a quarter of an hour after midnight on the 2nd; in apogee, or furthest from us, at half-past 3 o'clock on the morning of the 15th; and in perigee again about a quarter before 5 o'clock on the evening of the 27th. No eclipses are due this month. The bright star Aldebaran, in the constellation Taurus, will be occulted by the Moon on the morning of the 21st; disappearance at 3h. 19m., and re-appearance at 4h. 12m. Greenwich time. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 14th, and will be visible in the evening until about the 24th, situated in the constellation Sagittarius; he will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 31st. Venus is brilliant in the evening, but low in the heavens; she will move during the month from the constellation Sagittarius through Capricornus into Aquarius. Mars rises a little earlier each morning; he is moving in an easterly direction through the constellation Virgo, and will pass due north of the bright star Spica on the 26th. Jupiter is still in the eastern part of Pisces (almost stationary), and will be due south at 8 o'clock in the evening on the 10th, and at 7 o'clock on the 26th. Saturn is nearly due west of the star Delta Capricorni, setting now about 9 o'clock in the evening, and earlier each night; he will be near the Moon on the 11th.—W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club

MUSIC NOTES FROM BROWNING

1. "In a minor third
There is none but the cuckoo knows."
2. "Was it singing or was it saying
Or a strange musical instrument playing?"
3. "My keys that gave their sounds to a wish
Of my soul."
4. "Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths
diminished, sigh on sigh."
5. "The last song
When the dead man is praised on his
journey."
6. "The little chant
So sure to rise from every fishing-bark."

Trace each of the above quotations. A prize of the value of Five Shillings will be given for first correct answer received not later than December 15th.

The next Pro and Con Essay Subject will be given in our January number.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: GOLDWIN SMITH's *My Memory of Gladstone*, Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. REV. P. BULL's *God and our Soldiers*, Methuen, 6s. *Rose of Sharon Series*, N. T. Foulis, 1s. each. J. OXENHAM's *Hearts in Exile*, Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. H. BELLOC's *Mr. Emmanuel Burden*, Methuen, 6s. REV. J. BRIERLEY's *The Common Life*, Clark and Co., 6s. F. GIBSON's *Superstitions about Animals*, Walter Scott Co., 3s. 6d. ANDREW LANG's *Brown Fairy Book*, Longmans, 6s. L. HOUSMAN's *Sabrina Warham*, John Murray, 6s.

Professor Goldwin Smith's *My Memory of Gladstone* is a very readable little book. "A wonderful being, physically and mentally," he calls Gladstone. His "speeches are not literature—but masterly expositions of the measure" in hand, delivered with "vigour and freshness so sustained, that George Venables, an extremely fastidious and not over-friendly critic, after hearing him for four hours, and on a financial subject, wished that he could go on for four hours more." After touching very briefly on the various epoch-making events of the great statesman's career, the professor says in closing, "To me Gladstone's life is specially interesting as that of a man who was a fearless and powerful upholder of humanity and righteousness in an age in which faith in both was growing weak, and jingoism, with its lust of war and rapine, was taking possession of the world."

The Rev. Paul Bull, late chaplain to General French's cavalry in South Africa, in his book, *God and our Soldiers*, writes in a simple and vivid way of soldiers and their religion, both in peace and war. Not the least interesting chapters are the two first on soldiers at home, and in barracks. The army we are told levels up as well as down, raising many "whom Church and State could not touch,

and making men of them. It used to be quite a wonder of redemption to see how 'corner boys' from London filled out in body and soul under the care of the drill sergeant." Barrack-room religion has to stand fierce tests of mockery and persecution. "To confess Christ openly, not to swear, not to drink, not to talk filth, is an act of rebellion against the spirit of the room with its long tradition. . . . Now this purifying martyrdom gives a definite tone to army religion. It cleanses it of shams, redeems it from moral feebleness, and lifts it to the level of the heroic. The soldier who is on the Lord's side burns with something of that fervour which kindled in the heart of early Christians." The book abounds with incidents of life and death on active service among the men whom their chaplain seems to have loved and understood in a remarkable degree. From among many interesting scenes we have only space to quote this description of evening service round a "church fire" in camp:—

"In the centre the huge fire blazed and crackled away, fed from time to time by the churchwardens with fresh logs of wood. All round the fire officers and men sat in a large circle; and behind them others stood rank after rank, as far as the flickering flame could light up the scene. . . . War had taught us many deep lessons about God, and our need of Him. . . . It was a grand sight to see circle after circle of stern, grave, weather-beaten faces lit up by the blaze of the fire, faces hardened by months of suffering and patient endurance, and softened by the memories of home, as the old hymns, familiar to them from childhood, rose up to heaven. The constant sense of the presence of God in nature, the prospect of meeting Him face to face in death, the sadness of exile, the yearning for home, all went to deepen our devotion. Our church was decidedly 'Free,' no rubrics, no prayer-books, no ch-chs, nothing to fetter or disturb our devotions. The only ornament of our church was a leg of mutton boiling in a huge pot on the fire; and the only rubric was that if the leg of mutton was 'done' before the sermon, the preacher must pause while the churchwarden removed it. The service began with the General Confession, Absolution, and Lord's Prayer, and a hymn; a passage from the Bible, another hymn, sermon, hymn, more sermon, more hymns and prayers; and when I thought we had gone on long enough, we ended with the blessing and dispersed. . . . Few people can realise, unless they personally experience it, how the whole Bible burns with a new light in time of war and in tropical lands. . . . So, too, the Cross of Christ with its blood and wounds, the dying of the Son of God for us, with its one supreme lesson of the self-sacrificing love of God, was often uplifted in the lives of our comrades with a vividness which burnt its lessons deep into our hearts."

In his *Rose of Sharon Series*, Mr. Foulis is publishing little volumes of meditations and prayers, mainly from seventeenth-century sources. Henry Vaughan's *Mount of Olives* and Jeremy Taylor's *Way of Peace* open the series, followed by selections less familiar, and as useful. These books are nicely bound, printed in large and clear type on easily-turned pages of thick, creamy paper, and the series should be welcomed by those who like such books to send to their friends at Christmas.

Mr. Oxenham's *Hearts in Exile* is a lively story full of go and interest. Its characters are all Russians, chief among them the beautiful and patriotic Hope Ivanovna and her two lovers, the rich Serge and the poor Paul. She likes the latter best, but marries the former that his money may help the cause. Cleverly deviating from the usual course of things, Mr. Oxenham makes the three become devoted friends, and Serge gives himself as well as his money to good works. How all three suffer undeserved exile in Siberia, and are ready to

The Fireside Club

die for each other if need be, is skilfully told in a well-conceived plot. The local colour only is unconvincing, and although Mr. Oxenham tells us much about Siberia, we cannot feel that he takes us there.

Mr. Belloc's story, *Mr. Emmanuel Burden*, progresses jerkily—he is a little laboured, and digressive, but these flaws are trivial compared with the power and justice of his satire, righteously wielded to lash the iniquities of modern company-promoting. His main point, from which his story rises to a tragedy, is that this honest Englishman and good man should have been inveigled into lending his probity and honour to cloak the underhand methods, the secret influences, of cosmopolitan finance, as it is called by Mr. Abbot. Mr. Abbot is the other honest man of the book, who refused to come into the M'Korio syndicate, and whom all its directors therefore vowed to ruin, or, as they put it, to freeze out all its directors, save Mr. Burden, who declares hotly at their counsels, "I will not be a party to any intrigue against my friend." The scene following this defiance is a strong and convincing piece of writing, reaching a level finely sustained to the close of the book.

Mr. Burden pours forth his soul's abhorrence of the methods he has unexpectedly found himself involved in, and declaring he will placard the city with the truth of the bogus nature of the company, and expose his fellow-directors as the "swindlers and thieves and scum" he sees them to be, he goes out from them.

"There was a full three minutes of silence, during which Mr. Barnett's face looked like the face of one of those old and monstrous things, enormous, dug from Assyrian sands, while Mr. Harbury coughed twice, and sidled his eyes uncertainly, and Lord Benthorpe twiddled his fingers upon his trembling knees.

"Then Cosmo, still in confusion, desiring to see whether he would indeed ruin them all, and desiring to be rid of the atmosphere of anger, got up and went out after his father."

But death came upon the old man before he had time to expose the company, and the story closes in sombre gloom: "Mr. Burden is dead, and I do not quite see who there is to take his place." Mr. Chesterton's illustrations are crude and ineffective.

Any volume of Essays signed with the familiar initials J. B. is secure of a welcome, and in this new series, *The Common Life*, Mr. Brierley is as successful as ever in putting freshly and convincingly the thoughtful conclusions he draws from familiar themes. *What of Sunday?* *On being Spiritual*, *Vigilant Consecration*, and *The Soul's Athletics* are perhaps the most striking among thirty-six short papers, not one of which is commonplace.

In *Superstitions about Animals*, Mr. Frank Gibson has broken, as he tells us, fresh ground, and collected some of the most common of the numerous and strange beliefs of this class. He deals successively with signs and omens, distorted facts of Natural History, and creatures of the imagination.

Mere howling dogs, lucky swallows, money spiders, and deaf adders are prosaic to hear of compared to these last, the basilisk, the cockatrice, the dragon (everywhere heard of), the unicorn, the phoenix, and many more. Here is truly supernatural history, and we read with interest of the griffin, for instance, that it is (or rather was) native to India, built its nest of solid gold, and could easily be tamed if only caught young enough.

From dragons and griffins to the *Brown Fairy Book* is a natural transition. Again Mr. Andrew Lang has gathered far and wide from the fairy tales of all countries many charming stories, and again Mr. Harold Ford has made them even more charming in his fascinating pictures. The punishment of the wicked Rose is a really wonderful piece of colour harmony, as also the sunset sky and the Elf maiden of the frontispiece, while in black and white the pictures of Father Grumbler and the story about him are equally good fun.

To have combined in one book a fine piece of literature—an interesting story, close-woven and leisurely in its unfolding, but never dull—and a series of notable character studies is an achievement on which the author of *Sabrina Warham* may be congratulated. The first is the rarest attainment of all in a work of fiction. Here we have distinction of style, chosen words in clean, well-built sentences, pictures that call the reader back again, reflections that make him stop to think.

Look at such a word-picture as this of an early summer morning's sail off the English coast:—

"The sea was lively, soft and glittering to the eye; in movement and colour and sound it conveyed the impression of youth, of high health, of jollity. The waves capered ahead of them, romped back, slapped hard on the gunwale of the boat, ducked, and swung away; came roguish and contrary, and fell off chuckling and bobbing by the stern. A million needles of fire danced on the eastern wave; sea-birds circled and hovered, swinging alternately to shadow and sun for a morning bath in the light. One or two of them dropped in the boat's wake to swing with the tide; and as she watched them Sabrina became aware at what speed wind and sea were carrying her on."

Among the characters those of the disagreeable old farmer, the charming great lady, and the weak but obstinate squire, tempt us to quotation, but space forbids, and the book must be read to appreciate these as well as its main characters, Sabrina the heroine and her three greatly differing lovers.

Also received: S. R. BOTTONE'S *Electrical Engineering for Students*, a practical text-book intended for home use, G. Pitman, 2s. A. T. STORY'S *Wireless Telegraphy*, its history since 1838, a real romance of science, Newnes, 1s. *A Garden of Virtues*, Rosemary Booklet Series, Simpkin, Marshall, 4d. M. E. BAILWARD'S *Mothers and their Responsibilities*, a useful handbook for all workers in the Mothers' Union, Longmans, 2s. 6d. Mr. WALFORD DAVIES' book of words for *Cantata of Everyman*, founded on the old Morality Play, Sidney Riorden, 6d. *A Woman's Soul*, Anon. The soul writes in the first person, describing its awakening to authority in a hitherto worldly and wasted life. A thoughtful and earnest book, but lacking in power. Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d.



Our Chess Page

Gold and Silver Medals Award. Great Solving Competition

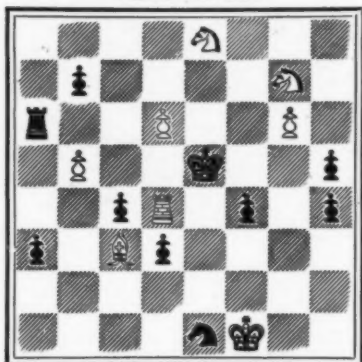
As we go to press we are able to make the announcement that the **Gold Medal** has been won by the **REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT**, of Worthing, and the **Silver Medal** by **COLONEL FORBES**, of Cheltenham. This is the unanimous opinion of the Judges. The matter will be referred to more exhaustively next month.

Here are two more problems in the Great Solving Competition, the particulars of which were announced last month.

Solutions must be sent in before January 14, 1905.

No. 3. *Dum Spiro Spero.*

BLACK—10 MEN

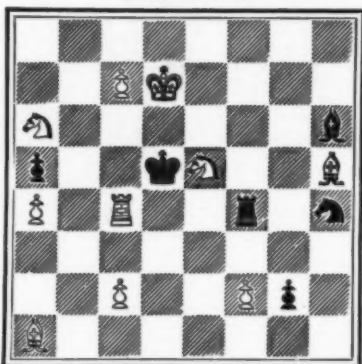


WHITE—8 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

4. *Pensée.* 1st Prize Two-mover. By PERCY OSBORN.

BLACK—6 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

White to play and mate in two moves.

Retractor Competition (Solutions):—

No. II.

1. Black K was on Q3 and took Kt on K6. Replace K and Kt.
2. White K was on KB6 and took Kt on K Kt3. Replace K and Kt.
3. White Kt—Q Kt6.
4. Black Kt—K4, allowing
5. P x Kt mate.

No. III.

1. Black P on Q7 x B becoming Kt. Replace P and B.
2. Black R—Q2.
3. White P—Q5 ch.
4. Black K—Q3.
5. White B—Kt3 mate.

Solutions received from: FRANK W. ATCHINSON (I. and II.), H. BALSON (I. and II.), H. HOSEY DAVIS (I.), COLONEL FORBES (I. and II.), S. W. FRANCIS (5, I. and II.), ARTHUR J. HEAD (I.), C. V. HOWARD (I. and II.), W. MEARS (5 and I.), PERCY OSBORN (I. and II.), WILLIAM POCOCK (I. and II.), J. A. ROBERTS (I. and II.), E. THOMPSTONE (I.), R. G. THOMSON (I. and II.), E. J. WINTER-WOOD (I.), ROGER J. WRIGHT (I. and II.).

N.B.—By printer's error No. I. was converted into VI.

Solutions received from—

- H. W. ATCHINSON (H J and C revised).
H. BALSON, COL. FORBES, PERCY OSBORN, J. A. ROBERTS, R. G. THOMSON, J. D. TUCKER, ROGER J. WRIGHT (H J and C revised).
E. ATFIELD (H J and J).
A. J. HEAD (I J and C revised).

Retractors' Solutions received from—

- No. II. W. MEARS.
No. III. F. W. ATCHINSON.
H. BALSON.
COL. FORBES.
S. W. FRANCIS.
C. V. HOWARD.
PERCY OSBORN.
WM. POCOCK.
R. G. THOMSON.

Note.—Owing to the Chess Editor being unavoidably far away from his papers, it is impossible to make the Award in the Retractor and Summer Solving Competitions this month.

CORRESPONDENCE MATCH

We have received several kind applications from players who are willing to take part in the above, but so far we have received no challenge.

END GAME (OCTOBER) SOLUTION

- | White | Black |
|-----------------------------------|----------|
| 1. P—QB3 | B x P |
| 2. Q—B6 | Q—Kt8 ch |
| 3. K—Kt2 | P—B6 ch |
| 4. K—R2 | B—K4 ch |
| 5. Q x B and mates in four moves. | |

This end-game was too difficult for the majority of our solvers, and only two succeeded in unravelling it. To them, therefore, the prizes—five shillings each—are awarded. H. BALSON, 262 Normanton Road, Derby. FREDERICK WILHELMY, 20 Radaworth Street, London, E.C.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the *Extended Ticket* from the Contents page.

Russian Boys Returning from School

IN a country like Russia, where eighty per cent. of the population are still illiterates, a picture entitled "Returning from School" is calculated to excite more curiosity than it would in England. The village instructor is usually the clergyman. His few pupils are naturally mostly the children of the peasants; and his tuition is of the kind which was general in our

others of a better class are drawn from the small landowners, or even occasionally from amongst the impoverished nobility. Under one or other of these two last categories comes the group of merry little lads with thoroughly Slav faces, delineated by the painter Rybakov, returning from morning school through the snow-covered fields one day in early winter.



From the picture by Rybakov

RUSSIAN BOYS RETURNING FROM SCHOOL

village dame schools some seventy or eighty years ago. Out of school hours, however, if the book-knowledge of these Russian boys and girls be scanty, they are much better behaved and trained than is the modern English Board-school child. The clergy in Russia, with the exception of the section known as the Black Clergy, are expected to marry, so their own children are also amongst the pupils, and some

The trees are not yet wholly stripped of the last leaves of autumn. We have long been accustomed in England to dwell only upon the gloomy side of Russian life; upon slavery, banishment, cruelty, and every kind of oppression and suffering. Thus, to many of us it comes as a revelation that Russian children can actually laugh and be gay.

A. E. KEETON.



ORPHAN	CHRISTMAS GIFTS and NEW ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE MUCH NEEDED BY THE Orphan Working School. Senior School: MAITLAND PARK, N.W. Junior School (Alexandra Orphanage): HORNWAY ROAD, N. Convalescent Home: HAROLD ROAD, MARGATE. PATRONS: H.M. The King. H.M. Queen Alexandra. President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. Treasurer: SIR HORACE B. MARSHALL, M.A., LL.D., J.P. The Charity is not endowed, but depends upon Voluntary Contributions. Please help this most necessary work. One Thousand new Annual Sub- scriptions are urgently needed. Two Votes at each half-yearly Election for every Guinea sub- scribed. Information will be gladly given by the Secretary, to whom contri- butions should be sent. ALEXANDER GRANT, Secretary. Offices—11 Cheapside, E.C. Bankers—THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, 13 Roper Street, E.C.
WORKING	
SCHOOL	
FOUNDED 1758	
MAINTAINS	
AND	
EDUCATES	
500	
FATHERLESS	
CHILDREN.	

It's BOYRIL

The Moral of This Life:—**ADAPTABILITY!**

'OF ALL THE DISCOVERIES WHICH MEN NEED MAKE, THE MOST IMPORTANT AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IS THAT OF THE SELF-FORMING POWER TREASURED UP IN THEMSELVES,' viz.:



'SOW AN ACT AND YOU REAP A CHARACTER, SOW A CHARACTER AND YOU REAP UNAVOIDABLE FATE!' Or in other words, you may gather the Honey of Wisdom only by obedience to Natural Laws. Read the 20-page Pamphlet given with each Bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' How to Prevent Suffering and Disease by Natural Laws. It is the province of character to adapt circumstances to noble results. Then dare to be wise, as ill health is the first step to Disease and Short Life!

SUCH IS HUMAN LIFE, SO GLIDING ON:
IT GLIMMERS LIKE A METEOR, AND IS GONE!

MORAL FOR ALL:

"I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

A GENTLEMAN WRITES:—"After 25 years' use I have found a cup of hot tea, taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of 'FRUIT SALT,' a great boon."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Disordered, Sleepless, or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed one.

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of Flattery—IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

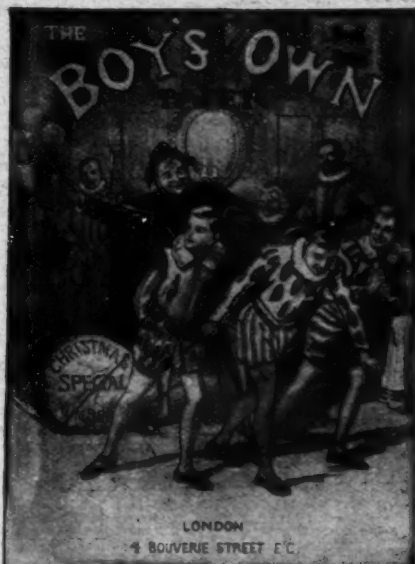
JUST
READY

XTRA XMAS PARTS



THE
EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER
OF THE
GIRL'S OWN PAPER
— 1904 —
6d.

"GIRL'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE: LONDON, 4, BOUVIERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.



Each containing 64 Pages of Stories and other Seasonable Items. A Profusion of Illustrations. With Coloured Plates and Coloured Cover.

6D.
EACH.